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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

LINES.

'Come to thy home!' thus spake the friend and brother,
'Come to thy home, dear sister, let us be
Once more the loved and blest in one another,
As when I roved our native shore with thee.'

Oh! as the dove that spreads her eager pinion
Bearing her flight towards the ark of rest,
So from the heartless world's unloved dominion
Fain would I rest once more upon thy breast.

Yet while I wander thus afar in sadness,
Still would I question thee of friends and home—
Do our old paths still echo sounds of gladness,
Or have dim shadows o'er their beauty come?

Do the gray rocks hang o'er the ocean's edge,
As they were wont to hang in days of yore?
Doth the lone robin chant in that old hedge?
Doth the white sea-bird skim along the shore?

Doth the soft brook flow by my mother's cot,
With that sweet home-felt sound that came to me
In the gay hours of childhood, on that spot
Which smiles the loveliest in my memory?

Say if that old tree's shadow still reposes
As when we plucked the yellow fruitage there—
Do the sweet lilachs and the crimson roses
Come with sweet fragrance on the desert air?

Doth the sweet Sabbath morn appear the same
As when we listened to those well known bells?
Are the old places changed in look or name?
Hath Time not touched them with his icy spells?

Alas! how sad a tale thy face is telling!—
The summer winds still through our pathways play,
Still on our shores the ocean waves are swelling,
But oh! *our childhood's friends*—say, where are they?

In the dim twilight shadow of the pines,
Mid the deep shadows of the far-off West,
'Neath the bright verdure of the tangled vines,
Sleep those who once our joyous childhood blest.

Where the bright waves beneath the sun are dancing,
Where the lone deep above their slumber flows,
Or in some dell, where scarce a sunbeam dancing,
They have lain down in nature's last repose.

And though we still are left to love each other,
Yet a deep gloom must shadow each loved spot;—
Think of me still, my own beloved brother,
But ask me not to dwell where they are not!

S. A. N.

[From the Monthly Miscellany.]

A SUNDAY'S WALK WITH DAVID ELLINGTON.

A Reflecting Christian often wonders at the apparently trifling efficacy of religious institutions; he perplexes himself to comprehend how it is that such multitudes hear preaching, and yet so few profit by it. A yet greater wonder is it at times, that he himself should be so little the better for his attendance on services of whose value he thinks himself deeply sensible. The minister occasionally tries to explain the matter in a sermon; but his explanation is only partially satisfactory; what seem to him the chief causes do not appear such to men in more exposed walks of life, and the speculations of different active men on the subject differ as much as their various personal experience. Some ascribe it to the weakness of the preachers, and some to the inattention of the hearers; some to internal and some to external causes; and many, in striving to satisfy their minds on the point, forget to keep a watch over the only causes which are of any moment to themselves.

It is not strange therefore, that when Mr Hertson had preached a sermon from the text, 'The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in those who heard,' there was a good deal of speculation among his hearers as to the justness of his views. Some thought that he refined too much, some that he was not sufficiently discriminating, some that he made too much of faith, some that he was not sufficiently practical, and some that he did not make allowance for the hindrances which the world throws in the way of piety. So they began at the church door, and as the several parties separated on their way home, they carried on the discussion. If it be one aim of a preacher to make people think, he certainly had hit the mark that once at least.

As no one in the parish lived farther from church than David Ellington, it happened that those who walked the same road with him kept up the discourse during the whole distance; and he had an opportunity to hear opinions on all the different points, that were started. When this had been done, and neighbor after neighbor had dropt away each at his own threshold, Jane turned to her husband, and said, 'So,—if we may trust what we have been hearing on all sides, preaching does no good, and yet nobody is to blame.'

'Except the minister,' replied David.

'Nay,' said his wife, 'even Dr. Pilerton, who spoke most harshly, acknowledged that, after all, the preacher does enough to be the making of any man who would take heed to his words. So that, for aught I see, the minister is also free from blame, like every body else; and we have only to wonder on how this dreadful waste of religious influence is to be accounted for.'

'And yet meantime nothing is more easily accounted for, if you will take it up in single cases and examine them one by one. Men are puzzled, because they want to see through all Christendom at once; but they will find there is no puzzle at all, if they will just sit down and each decide his own case. Describe to me any man's life, and I will tell you at once why it is that preaching does him no good.'

While he was saying this, neighbor Smith, who had been walking ahead of our carpenter and his family, and now that none else was in their company desired to join himself to them, had turned back and caught the last sentence. He too had evidently been musing on the topic of the day, and gave vent to his feeling by exclaiming bitterly, 'I don't believe that it does any body any good.'

'Why, Mr Smith,' exclaimed Jane, 'you speak as if you had received a personal affront.'

'Then I am sure I ask pardon,' said John; 'I spoke quick, to be sure, because I had been trying to make it out strait all the way, and I can't do it. I don't see why preaching should not do good, and yet I'm sure it never did any good to me, and I do not see that it does much good any where. Now take this very town, and go over it from one end to the other, and count the people on your fingers, and consider——'

David interrupted him. 'That's the very reason you get so puzzled; you undertake too much; you would explain the case of a thousand people at once, when perhaps you are hardly able to explain one. Let us take one at a time. Let us begin with John Smith; and when we understand his case, we will go to his next neighbor, David Ellington, and sift him; and so on, from door to door.'

'Well,' said John, 'it's chiefly my own case that I care about, and that makes me feel so bad. I don't know that all the sermons I ever heard, have done me the least good in the world.'

'Very well;—now the question is, why? Is it because the sermons were poor and unable to do good?'

'I cannot say that of all of them; some poor preaching I have heard, and I have heard some very fine preaching that was worse than the poor; but on the whole, there has been more that was good. And that in fact makes the difficulty; sermons are very excellent, for the most part, very,—and yet they don't make me any better.'

'Then we must seek another cause. I had a neighbor once who possessed a comfortable house, and a capital lot of ground to till, orchard, mowing-ground, cattle, and a wife who was an admirable dairy-woman. There was not a man in town with a better opportunity to lead a thrifty, fore-handed, prosperous life. What was the reason that he did not? People wondered, when they looked at his fine farm, why in the would it was that the poor man was always behind-hand and going down hill. What was the reason? It could not be the farm—what was it?'

John did not answer, for he more than suspected that his friend was beginning to make a parable out of his own history.

'No,' continued David, 'it was not the farm that was in the fault, but the farmer; he did not use his opportunities, he neglected his land, he lounged about doing nothing, and talked, and smoked, and drank; and as he grew poorer every year, he kept wondering how it could be, that so fine a farm would not support him in plenty and ease.'

'He found out at last,' whispered John.

'Yes, he found out at last; and then what did he do? He just attended to his business—gave up idle and dissipated habits, and minded his farm; and then he had no difficulty in winning from it a handsome support. Now you are doing with preaching just as you used to do with your farm—neglected it; and how in the world can you expect it to do you good? How can you be so foolish as to be surprised you have no grain to reap and no abundance on your board, when you have not sowed the seed nor tended the crop?'

'But that is not quite fair,' replied John; 'I do not neglect preaching; there is not a man in the village more constant at meeting than I am.'

'Just as you used to live on your farm,—always at home, never away from the homestead; but that availed nothing, while you were an idler. And so in this case—of what use to be at church, if you do nothing more? Sitting there and taking into your ears the voice of the preacher, is no better than sitting by your back-door and musing on the beauty and fertility of your lands. Nothing can grow up in either case, if this is all you do.'

'But that is not all I do.'

'Perhaps not quite; you used to go out to work sometimes, and plough and hoe a little, just enough to keep off actual starvation; and about as much as this you do in religion. But suppose you were to make a business of it, as you did of your farm when you took the right turn, suppose you were now to make the most of these religious means as resolutely as you did of your goodly lands,—do you think you could find reason to complain any longer that you get no good from them?'

They walked on for some moments in silence. John was evidently getting a little new light on the dark subject, which inclined him more to muse than to speak. But he presently felt the silence to be growing awkward, and he therefore broke it somewhat at a venture, by saying, that after all he did not perceive that he was so very negligent; he could not see but that he did as much as other men.

'*As other men*!' cried David; 'there is the rock on which so many are lost; they compare themselves to 'other men.' But you have already said, that they are not profited by preaching; how then can their case be any guide to you? It only shows how they are lost, not how you are saved. Look to yourself for the present. One at a time, as I said before. Let us settle the case of John Smith, before we undertake any other. And now to begin at the beginning, let us just remember what preaching is for. Is it to be listened to, or to be practised upon?'

'To be practised upon, certainly.

'Very well; which do you do? You listen; but do you practise?'

'Why, there now,' said Smith, 'that is the very thing I am lamenting,—that I do listen, and yet my practice is not affected.'

'To be sure,' said David; 'you expect the practice to come of itself; you take pains to go and hear, which is the least part of the business, and take no pains to return and act accordingly, which is the essential thing. You think *this* is to come of itself; just as you used to fancy that looking at your fine farm, and talking and boasting about it, would do as well as working upon it. You recollect what we were saying the other Saturday evening about the improvement of that season? Well, you acknowledged that it never occurred to you to use it as preparatory to public worship. The same, of Sunday morning. Without any preparation then, you go to church and hear the sermon. How? that you may really learn something? that you may receive some wholesome advice? that you may be raised to a better way of living? No. You merely *hear*. You just sit and listen;—in at one ear and out of the other, as the saying is. Do you think about it afterwards, muse on its truths, try to recall and reimpress its doctrine, and turns its advice into real practical rules? I suppose you never pretened to do this. You have not dreamt of any thing more, than just to hear the sermon. So it is with thousands; therefore no wonder that they are none the better. It would be a wonder indeed if they were. Why, the plain fact is, neighbor Smith, that you and they are doing all you can to prevent preaching from doing you any good. If the devil had hired you to help him defeat the ordinances of God for your salvation, you could not have contrived a more effectual means. To enter on them without preparation, to attend them without any purpose or effort of self-application, to think no more of them afterward, and to spend the rest of the day in visiting, talking, eating, riding or thinking just as on any other day,—all this seems as if expressly designed, a careful plot, to destroy the impressions of God's house, and to prevent the two hours of worship from interrupting the dominion of earth in the soul.'

'That's rather a long sermon, husband,' said Jane.

'And a pretty close one, too,' added Smith, soberly. 'But it is all true, every word of it. Yet I do not see how I can help it. What can I do? what shall I do?'

'I can tell you what rules helped *me*,' replied David, 'and I dare say that by observing them you will find yourself essentially benefited. Will you try?'

'Let me hear them, and I will tell you.'

'They are three. First, listen to the preacher *religiously*; that is, in a devout frame of mind; as if you had just said your prayers, and were holding out your hand to receive the blessing you had asked. Secondly, apply it to yourself all along; say *Amen* to every truth, and say *Yes, I will*, to every good advice. This will excite a strong interest in the matter. Thirdly, think it over afterward; don't go at once about other things and forget it all, but retire by yourself, and recall what you heard and felt; consider what you ought to do in consequence; and lay out a distinct plan of doing accordingly during the week. Then, make it a regular part of every day's business to think over and act upon that particular lesson, and so mix it up with all your prayers and all your work. Follow these rules, and you never will say again that preaching does no good.'

'I believe so,' said Smith; 'and I will try them. But I am afraid I never shall have resolution enough to succeed.'

'Do it in faith, nothing doubting;—or if you doubt yourself, do not doubt God, but pray for his blessing till you receive it.'

They had for some time reached David's house, and were pausing at the gate to finish their discourse. As they now turned away to separate, Smith stopped and cried out, 'One word more, neighbor; pray tell me if you obsetve these rules yourself.'

David hesitated a moment, and then with an expression of countenance that was half a smile, he said, 'The question is a very fair one, though I do not see that the answer can affect the goodness of the rules.'

'But then I shall have the more courage to undertake them, if I find that they are real things, and not mere words.'

'Very well; I told you that they had helped me; and they have, unspeakably;—but I do not fully live up to my good purposes. But this I can tell you, solemnly,—that it is only by living by them that I ever gained any thing, and I have always found myself a loser just in proportion as I have slighted them.' H. W. jr.

MORALS OF THE DEAD.

One of the most simple, yet beautiful and affecting customs of antiquity, which has descended to modern times, is the decorating with flowers, the graves of those we respected and loved. Accustomed, as moderns are to term the ages and usages that are passed, barbarous, and uncivilized, we cannot but think, that the little regard paid in our days to the memory of the departed, is a sad proof that advancement in literature and the sciences, is unfavorable to the cultivation and growth of some of the finest, sweetest, and holiest emotions, of which the heart is susceptible. We have no desire to be ranked among the ultra sensitive; but certainly with us, this is no theme for unbecoming levity. There is a deep toned voice in the care and respect which every age and nation of antiquity has shown to the memory of the dead—there is a divinity that speaks in the lessons from the grave—which cannot be misunderstood, and which finds a response in every soul, not utterly callous and insensible to its noble destinies. In the unfading green of the cypress and ivy, the ancients found an emblem of the immortal vigor of the mind; and in the annual renewal of the rose, and the fresh blossoms of spring, a proof, that man, too, after the winter of death and the grave be past, is destined to flourish in renovated beauty and splendor. These important truths made known to us by revelation, they endeavored to read in the wide spread volume of nature, and the result was such as may well make us blush at the arrogance of our pretensions. Notwithstanding the disuse and neglect, into which this remnant of the fine feeling of the ancients has fallen, among the greater part of the nations of Christendom, still there are places where it is preserved in its primitive & hallowed purity. A traveller assures us, that after the desperate struggles between the French armies, and the Tyrolese peasantry, when the former were defeated in their murderous attempts to penetrate the mountain fastnesses of the south of Austria, not one of the Tyrolese who fell, was buried on the field, but, after the strife of death was over, was borne by his friends to his own native village, in the church yard of which, the little green mounds, planted with flowers, and freed from weeds by the pious care of survivors, still shows the number of those that perished in that conflict of liberty. In the Crimea, in Niphon, on the southern shores of the Mediterranean, among the Moors, and in China, is still observed the beautiful custom of planting and strowing flowers over the dead; a custom so affecting, and so full of refined taste, that it ought never to be suffered to fall into oblivion, by those who make the slightest pretences to civilization. In Wales, when a young woman dies, she is attended to the grave by her virgin companions, each one bearing flowers, which after she is deposited in her last abode, are sprinkled over the coffin. Over the monument of Klopstock, the impassioned author of the 'Messiah,' flowers are yearly strown, and a lime tree there, ever waves its spreading branches. In that populous city of the dead, the Pere La Chaise of the French capital, the cypress, the rose, and the willow, are beautifully blended; and on All souls-day, those who have friends buried there, are in the custom of visiting the place, bearing garlands of wild flowers and evergreens intermingled, to place upon the graves. The epitaph of the founder of Grecian Tragedy, the celebrated Sophocles, written by Simonides, proves that such a custom of honoring the illustrious dead, then existed:

'Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade,
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid.
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs and intertwine
With blushing roses, and the clustering vine:
So shall thy lasting leaves, with beauty hung,
Prove a fit emblem of the lays he sung.'

There can scarcely be imagined a more delightful place, than that valley of unfading green, and everlasting flowers, where Sadi, the royal Persian poet, is entombed. Hafiz, of the same nation, and scarcely less renowned as a poet, planted with his own hands the cypress under which he directed his body to be entombed, and over which for ages, his enthusiastic admirers and countrymen scattered roses, and hung chaplets of flowers. There is no place that awakens more deep and sadly pleasing emotions, than to tread the ground where those we once loved, rest forever from their sorrows and their cares. Every thing disagreeable and repulsive, in such a quiet scene, ought to be carefully avoided; and every thing should be introduced which can have a tendency to soften the passions, and soothe and tranquilize the feeling. Yet how often do we, in the sleeping plaee of the dead, in the church yards of both city and country, find the graves trampled upon by the most disgusting of brutes; a cold stone perhaps, to tell who sleeps below; but no flowers are seen to picture, by their renewal, the cheering hope of a resurrection; no evergreen to shadow forth the immortality of the dead. To the contemplative mind, there is something pleasing in the idea of sleeping the dreamless sleep, surrounded by those whom we loved while living, and beneath the turf made radiant by the unsullied blossoms of Spring. To us, there is another interesting view of this subject, and which is so quaintly and beautifuly expressed by Osborne: 'He that lieth under the herse of heavenne, is convertible into swete herbes and flowers, that maye rest in bosoms that wolde shrink from the ugly bugs which may be found crawling in the magnificent tombs of Henry VII.' The same thought occurs in an 'Address to the Mummy,' by a later author:

'Oh not like thee would I remain,
But o'er the earth my ashes strew.
And in some rising bud regain
The freshness that my childhood knew!'

For ourselves, much rather had we sleep where the moonbeams would convert into diamonds the dew drops gathering on the rosebuds, than to lie beneath the dome of St. Peter's and rest where the soft south wind would wake the fragrance of blossoms which affectionate hands had planted, than to moulder in the undiscovered chambers of the eternal pyramids.

HOWARD'S DECISION OF CHARACTER.

* * * *. But not less of this invincible pertinacity has been displayed by the disciples of virtue and the benefactors of mankind. In this distinction, no man ever exceeded or ever will exceed our great philanthropist, the late illustrious Howard. The energy of his determination was so great, that if, instead of being habitual, it could have appeared in an intermitted form, operating only for a short time, on particular occasions, it would have seemed a vehement impetuosity; but by being continuous, it had an equability of manner, which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy. It was the calmness of an intensity, kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and the character of the individual forbidding it to be less. The habitual passion of his mind was a measure of feeling, almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxyms of common minds: as a great river, in its customary state, is equal to a small or moderate one, when swollen to a torrent.

The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation, and commencing them in action, was the same. I wonder what must have been the amount of that bribe, in emolument or pleasure, that would have detained him a week inactive, after their final adjustment. The law which carries water down a declivity was not more unconquerable and invariable, than the determination of his feelings toward the main object. This object he pursued with a devotion, which seemed to annihilate to his perceptions all others; it was a stern pathos of soul, on which the beauties of nature and of art had no power. He had no leisure feeling, which he could spare, to be diverted among the innumerable varieties of the extensive scenes, which he traversed; all his subordinate feelings lost their separate existence and operation, by falling into the grand one. There have not been wanting trivial minds to mark this as a fault in his character. But the mere man of taste ought to be silent respecting such a man as Howard; he is above their sphere of judgment. The invisible spirits, who fulfil their commission of philanthropy among mortals, do not care about pictures, statues, and sumptuous buildings; . . . no more did he. Or at least, regarding every moment as under the claims of imperious duty, his curiosity waited in vain for the hour to come, when his conscience should present the gratification of it as the most sacred duty of that hour. If he was still at every hour, where it came, fated to feel the attractions of the fine arts but the second claim, they might be sure of their revenge, for no other man will ever visit Rome under such a despotic consciousness of duty, as to refuse himself time for surveying the magnificence of its ruins. Such a sin against taste is very far beyond the reach of common saintship to commit. It implied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had *one thing to do;* and that he, who would do some great thing in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.

His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that even at the greatest distance, like the Egyptian pyramids to travellers, it stood confest to his sight with a luminous distinctness, as if it were nigh, and beguiled the toilsome length of labor and enterprise, by which he was to reach it. It was so conspicuous before him, that not a step deviated from the direction, and every movement and every day was an approximation. If it were possible to deduct from his thoughts and actions all that portion, which had not a methodical and strenuous reference to an end, the solid mass, which would remain, would spread over an amazing length of life, if attenuated to the ordinary style of deliberation and achievement. One less thinks of displaying such a character, for the purpose of example, than for that of mortifying comparison.—*Foster.*

CALLING NAMES.

A learned, amiable, catholic and pious dignitary of the church of England, remarks with much good humor on the management of controversy by two different writers of high reputation. Tillotson, he says, had made some concessions concerning the Socinians, which never were, and never will be forgiven him; and hath broken an ancient and fundamental rule of theological controversy: 'Allow not an adversary to have either common sense, or common honesty.'

Here is the obnoxious passage: 'And yet, to do right to the writers on that side, I must own, that generally they are a pattern of the fair way of disputing, and of debating matters of religion without heat and unseemly reflections upon their adversaries. They generally argue matters with that temper and gravity, and with that freedom from passion and transport, which becomes a serious and weighty argument, and, for the most part, they reason closely, and clearly, with extraordinary guard and caution; with great dexterity and decency, and yet with smartness and subtilty enough; with a very gentle heat, and few hard words: virtues to be praised, wherever they are found; yea, even in an enemy, and very worthy our imitation. In a word, they are the strongest managers of a weak cause, and which is ill founded at the bottom, that perhaps ever yet meddled with controversy; insomuch, that some of the Protestants, and the generality of the Popish writers, and even of the Jesuits themselves, who pretend to all the reason and subtilty in the world, are in comparison of them but mere bunglers. Upon the whole matter, they have but this one great defect, that they want a good cause, and truth on their side; which if they had, they have reason, and wit, and temper enough to defend it.'

Now, by way of contrast, behold the character of the same persons, from the masterly and impartial hand of South:

'The Socinians are impious blasphemers, whose infamous pedigree runs back [from wretch to wretch] in a direct line to the devil himself; and who are fitter to be crushed by the civil magistrate, as destructive to government and society, than to be confuted as merely heretics in religion.'

Such is the true *agonistic* style and *intolerant* spirit; such the courage of a champion, who challenges his adversary, and then calls upon the *constable* to come and help him.

INSTRUMENTAL DUTIES OF RELIGION.

It is very possible and has been very common in religion to lay undue stress upon instrumental duties and external performances. Enthusiasm has idolized its reveries and superstition rested upon rites and forms. Mankind, wishing for a cheap religion, have substituted the means for the end, the sign for the thing signified, the form for the power of godliness. It is far more easy to be orthodox, than good; to maintain a grave exterior, than inward sanctity; to separate seasons for devout exercises, than to connect piety with the course of ordinary life. It costs far less self-denial to roll the eye, than to lift the soul to God, and to bend our knees, than to humble our pride. Men can read the scriptures, so as to become accomplished textuaries; and yet be strangers to the spirit breathed in the word of God. They can be pious with the mouth and tongue, and talk earnestly in all places and companies upon serious subjects, and yet grossly fail to live as they profess. 'A pharisee's trumpet, says an old writer, shall be heard to the town's end, when simplicity walks through the town unseen.' 'Observed duties maintain our credit, but secret duties maintain our life.'

But the danger to the cause of religion among us probably arises from another extreme; and we have less reason to fear the prevalence of superstition, hypocrisy, and enthusiasm, than indifference, scepticism, and a mistaken liberality. A great number, including some who have the character of enlightened men, able to rise above the power of prejudice, are more inclined to undervalue and neglect the forms and means of religion, than to exalt them into a disproportionate importance. They have a disposition to deprecate instrumental and positive duties; to consider themselves above the need of such assistances to piety, and that if they cultivate its spirit, they have no occasion to trouble themselves about its ceremonies. Hence they look to be religious, without meditation and prayer. They reject the aid of public solemnities, or attend them without seriousness. Many are becoming inclined to remove the 'mark of discrimination from the Christian Sabbath, and to blend it in the mass of unhallowed days.' The custom of reading the scriptures, once so general, is falling into neglect, and serious topics are very much excluded from conversation.

For the Register and Observer.

UNITARIANISM DECLINING. HAVERHILL.

Messrs Editors,—Do you recollect the hue and cry which was raised in a certain quarter, a few months since, when one of our beloved brethren retired from the ministerial office on account of ill health, and which act was attributed to a change of religious opinions? Perhaps some of your readers may have forgotten—or may never have known—the circumstances; allow me to refresh their memories. The events happened on this wise.

Brother Gage, the pastor of the First Church in Haverhill, of this State, sent in his resignation to the church, early last spring, and during one of the most unprecedented religious excitements then existing in all the churches in the place. The reason given for this movement—and which, as I happen to know, was the *real* one—was ill health. It was a step he had been long meditating. Now it so happened, that a few of brother Gage's flock became subjects of the excitement, and it is not to be denied that the pastor shared in some degree in the same; by which he was induced to increase his duties and the number of public religious services. He freely expressed himself in relation to the measures adopted by other sects, known as 'revival measures,' and declared his belief that there was a lack of outward and unusual exercises among the churches of his own denomination—a state of feeling by no means singular with him, it was and still is shared by many others—while at the same time he rebuked the extravagant excesses of the other sects.

On this a rumor was set afloat, that Mr Gage had changed his religious opinions, and embraced those of the Calvinists. A rumor, as you well know, having not the slightest foundation in truth: the only change experienced by him being of the kind alluded to above.

Now at that time, as you also know, there was a great excitement in certain churches in your city, and that there were held very frequent meetings in the Vestry of Park Street Church for information and conversation. These meetings became very popular and they were fully attended by those who were delighted with the gossip there dispensed. On one of these occasions, it was told with unusual parade, that the 'pastor of a certain Unitarian Church not far from Boston' had changed his views and become Orthodox, and had asked a dismission from the pastoral care of the same. And furthermore, that the Church and Society had also undergone a great change, and that doubtless the next pastor of that benighted people would be one of the Andover school. And, losing all self possession and discretion, in their joy, they forthwith sent the report substantially as I have given it with the addition of names, unto the world through the columns of the 'Recorder,' the official journal of the sect.

Now mark the result. In that very pulpit of the First Church and Society in Haverhill, there has this very week been installed as a Unitarian pastor, by Unitarian Churches and their pastors, the Rev. Mr Folsom, who has *since* that report withdrawn from those very Orthodox claimants, abandoned and abjured their creed, and now rejoices in the truth that has made him free; and Mr Gage is not yet, certainly, a believer in the creed of Athanasius, Calvin or Hopkin.

What a comment is this; words cannot give force unto it. Let us see, Messrs Editors, if there be enough of common honesty and Christian justice in the Editor of the 'Boston Recorder' to give his readers the true state of the case; for doubtless, many of them are waiting to know when *that Calvinistic pastor* is to take charge of the converted parish in Haverhill.

SCRUTATOR.

For the Register and Observer.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT TO THE CONVENTION OF UNITARIANS IN MAINE, OCT. 1840.

Two years have now elapsed since the formation of the Maine Convention of Unitarian Churches. The object for which that Association was formed were to give a new impulse to the course of holiness and truth, by awakening in the churches of our denomination an increased interest in the subject of Domestic Missions; to form a closer and more intimate union among ourselves; and to consult together upon the best mode of extending the knowledge and the power of the truths of Christianity in their purity and simplicity in the community at large.

Arrangements having been made with the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association—that whatever funds were raised by the churches in Maine should be considered at the disposal of the central Committee of the Convention, measures were immediately taken for the formation of Associations auxiliary to the American Unitarian Association.

A portion of the funds thus raised has been appropriated to the Tract department of the Association, and hundreds of the valuable and interesting Tracts published monthly by the Parent Association have been distributed over the State.

In consequence of the pecuniary embarrassments that were pressing heavily upon our community and which were felt by many of the members of our Societies who had hitherto contributed largely to the support of the gospel ministry—it was thought advisable by the Committee to apply our resources, the past year, to the aiding of Societies already established, rather than the attempt to occupy new ground.

Besides the Tracts furnished by the American Unitarian Association, an edition of Rev. Mr

Whitman's Sermon delivered before the First Convention has been published by subscription among the members of the Unitarian Society at Hallowell and distributed gratuitously; also an edition of a small Tract giving an abstract of the Unitarian belief has been published at Portland, and another edition of 3000 copies of the same Tract has been reprinted in Hallowell for gratuitous distribution. Both of these publications, and especially the last mentioned Tract, have, it is believed, been instrumental of much good. Many who have hitherto been ignorant of our sentiments and almost afraid to ask what is the Unitarian faith, have found to their utter surprise, upon reading this abstract of our belief, that there was nothing in our views that did not meet their hearty approbation, nothing but what they had themselves embraced long ago as the truth of God. A volume of practical discourses entitled 'Week-day Religion' has been published by Rev. Mr Whitman of Portland, which has received, as it has deserved, high commendation, and is cordially recommended to all.

The past year has been marked, as all who hear me are aware, by an unusual degree of religious interest in our community. Many of our churches, particularly those of the Baptist and Methodist denomination, have received large accessions to the number of their communicants; and we cannot but indulge the hope that many have been awakened from carelessness and sin to a new life of holiness and faith. In times past it has not unfrequently been found that such seasons of peculiar religious interest have operated to draw away some from the number of those who had been in the habit of worshipping with us. It is with great satisfaction that we are able to state that no such effect has been produced by the revivals of the past season—on the contrary the effect has been to build up and strengthen rather than to injure the churches of our denomination.

From the accounts that have been received, the Sabbath Schools have been generally well sustained in our churches—and we would earnestly commend these important institutions to the continued care and attention of our friends. Let them receive the cordial support of our congregations, and let no one think it an unworthy office to take an active part in the religious instruction of the young.

We would take this occasion to call the attention of the Unitarians of Maine to the subject of the Periodicals of the denomination. Perhaps it may be said with much truth that there is no Christian sect that give so little support and circulation to their periodical publications as do those who are called Liberal Christians—and perhaps it may be said with equal truth that in no denomination are the Periodicals more truly worthy of support than our own are. There are the monthly Tracts of the American Unitarian Association—no common place productions, but the best efforts of the best minds in the country. There is the Christian Register, now in the hands of two of the clergymen of Boston; The Monthly Miscellany edited by Rev. E. S. Gannett, a work devoted to practical religion rather than polemics, and containing each month a sermon from some distinguished living writer of our denomination, The Western Messenger full of life and spirit; The Christian Examiner supported by the contributions of able men; and besides these, a host of other publications that ought to be abroad in the world diffusing their light and their warmth throughout the community.

In respect for the private judgment of others, in our anxiety to avoid in our own practice the obtrusiveness which has perhaps offended us in others, it is much to be feared that we have not done what we might and what we ought in justice to ourselves to have done, toward extending the knowledge of our views. It is confidently believed, judging from past experience, that there are very many in our community who need only to be made acquainted with our views, and they will find that they have long since embraced the same sentiments that we hold as the truth. Let every man contribute according to his ability to the support of our publications—and if every man whose ability is undoubted *would* thus contribute, there would no longer be room for complaint upon this subject.

As it respects the general condition of our churches and the prospects of Liberal Christianity in the State, although we cannot boast of any great accession to our numbers, yet we cannot but feel encouraged in the belief that our views are making decided progress in the community—that they are better understood and consequently more highly respected than at any former period. Many are, slowly perhaps, but surely breaking away from the creeds and articles of faith to which they once gave their unqualified assent;—a spirit of investigation and inquiry is awakening in the minds of many that will not easily be put down by any voice of authority or denunciation. Some whose sentiments are entirely in accordance with our own are restrained by various causes, some worthy and some most unworthy, from connecting themselves with our congregations—while many others who still hold to the form of words contained in their creeds have learned to receive them *for substance of doctrine*, or to look upon them as *articles* of *peace*.

In conclusion, your Committee would urge upon those who have the cause of holiness and truth at heart, the necessity of more vigorous exertion, of more faithful use of their opportunities, of greater zeal in the work that God has given them to perform. Let our churches be banded together and to each other by the strong ties of interest in a common cause and of love to each other. Let those who are in fact with us in their religious sentiments not be ashamed or afraid openly to avow the fact, and to give the weight of their testimony to what they honestly believe to be divine truth. Let every individual do his part in sustaining our religious institutions, not only by contributing of his money, but by his presence, by his ready and cheerful encouragement, by his willingness to co-operate in every useful and wise plan for promoting the religious interests of the community.

For the Register and Observer.

ON THE FAULTS OF OTHERS.

There are some persons, so scrupulously silent, as to their neighbor's faults, that they will never speak of them, for the purpose of correction. Apparently unconcerned upon the subject, they exclaim, 'What is it to me? I will not meddle with their affairs, let them look to it.' Many also refrain from speaking, either through fear of gaining the ill-will of those, whom it is their duty to admonish, receiving censure from others, or of drawing temporal disadvantage upon themselves. This silence is, ofttimes, in a great degree criminal. We are under obligations to correct our fellows, when we know them to be guilty of sinful acts, privately if we can, with prudence and discretion, that we may not provoke them, but gain their favor. Without prudence to direct, we cannot manifest a spirit of charity, and without discretion, we shall do them little good. These obligations, are built upon the express words of Christ: 'If thy brother shall trespass against thee go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone;' also upon the divine precept of love to God and our neighbors, which is so often inculcated in the gospel. To love God, no doubt, is to love what He loves, and hate what is hateful unto Him. If we sincerely love God, then, we shall hate sin, nor be willing to endure it, either in ourselves or others, but use our best endeavors to prevent it. If we are negligent, on this point, is it not evident that we are wanting in our love to God. Certainly, if we loved him, it would be our endeavor to reclaim the wanderer, to use our influence in drawing his erring children from the paths of vice to the practice of virtue. We could not, unconcernedly, see his holy laws contemned and his name dishonored. In monarchial governments, men are zealous for the honor of their king, and do not lightly pass over any effrontery offered him. And can we behold the *King* of kings, exposed to the derision of sinners, and still remain indifferent upon the subject? Do we in reality love him? Do our *actions* confirm our *professions*, of attachment to him? You cannot hear a friend abused, but you stand up in his defence. And shall the Friend of *sinners* be blasphemed, and your tongue remain unloosed? In endeavoring, therefore, to reclaim others from the evil of their ways, and prevent a future relapse in duty, the principle of love to God must be grounded in our hearts, and that charity, which 'suffereth long, and is kind,' made exemplary in our actions. We are commanded to 'love our neighbor as ourselves,' consequently to procure him what good we can, and prevent as we may be able, those evils, which are likely to fall upon him, especially such as effect his eternal interests. Now of all the evils, that can befall mortals, sin is the greatest and most destructive. The greatest obligation, then, we can have toward our neighbor, is to prevent, if possible, his falling into sin, or if he has walked in the evil way, to persuade him to retrace his steps, that he may be forgiven. How blameable are those, who behold his danger, and yet cry out, 'What is it to me.' Say you so? This in substance, was the answer Cain gave to his Creator, after he had imbrued his hands in a brother's blood. When asked, 'Where is Abel thy brother,' he replied, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' This was the answer, given by the scribes and pharisees, when Judas brought back the money, he had received, saying, 'I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood.' 'What is that to us? see thou to that,' they reply. And can we use such language, in regard to our brethren? Could you see a person drowning, and refuse your aid, without considering yourself in a manner guilty of his death? And when you see your neighbor pursuing a sinful course, and take no care to prevent it, think you such conduct is excusable in the sight of God? Is that soul, for whom Jesus died, no concern to you? Yea, it is your concern, and your duty, as far as in you lies, to correct, admonish and reprove him. How many Christians there are, whose silence should condemn them, as it did the prophet, who exclaimed, 'Woe be to me, because I held my peace.' You may, perhaps, think that reproof would be vain, that your most earnest expostulations would produce no salutary effect, and that it were better to refrain from speaking at all. Yet you know not how successful your words may prove till the trial is made. God may grant a blessing to that which you have sown in weakness, and open their hearts to receive his truth. If they refuse to hear, it is their fault, but if you neglect to speak when circumstances require it, the fault is your own. You are not accountable for the result of your exertions, but you *are* accountable for the right discharge of duty. We should exercise firmness of mind in our competition with vice, be zealous without harshness, having compassion without flattery. It is wrong to take one fault to correct another. A *mild* correction goes farther to work upon the obdurate heart than reproachful words, and a prayer offered in faith is of more avail than either threats or reprehensions. If this be so, we have little reason to wonder that correction is so often limited in its effects. Where passion assumes the place of reason, pride is substituted for charity, and anger for justice, how can we reasonably expect any thing more as the natural consequence of such influence, than confirmed guilt? But charity teaches us to look with compassion on our neighbor's faults, that we may warn him of his danger, support him in his weakness, bear his burdens, and thus 'fulfil the law of Christ.' T.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 17, 1840.

OUR SOCIAL RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS.

Thus far under this head, we have aimed to show that the religious institutions existing in our Congregational Churches are simple in their theory and administration, that they are free, spiritual, unincumbered, untrammeled, as much so as it is possible for any stated institutions to be; that they are simply the result of principles inherent in our own nature, and that if abolished, broken up, and men left to the natural action of their judgments and feelings without the influence of any previous prejudice, institutions very similar, if not precisely the same, would soon spring up.

What are the objections to these institutions as existing and administered among us? What would the objectors substitute in their place, that shall, at the same time, be free from these objections and give a promise of as great or greater usefulness? Would associations or societies constituted upon the plan, or some plan similar to that of the Quakers? We have already attempted to show that in respect to its forms and modes of worship, this plan is not in harmony with nature or reason, and we doubt if any thing is to be found in the New Testament, which by a just and sound interpretation can be made to support it. But the question is, is it an improvement upon our independent Congregationalism? Will it do more to advance truth, virtue, holiness? Is it better adapted to manifest and to increase the power of Christianity? Will it cause it to take stronger hold on the heart, and to bear with a deeper and more unobstructed influence upon all the highest interests of man, the individual, and the race? Is this plan so free from all objections, even from those in part, which are thought to lie against our present institutions, as to give a clear promise of greater usefulness? These are questions worthy of grave consideration. We are not sorry to have them urged upon public attention, even by those who indulge in pretty free and sweeping denunciations against existing institutions and the characters of those who uphold and administer them. We are desirous that here, as in all things else, men should 'prove all things and hold fast to that which is good,' and we cannot doubt as to what results they will come.

It seems there is no objection to the office of religious teacher in itself. It is admitted that religious instruction is needed, and should be given at some time, some where by some body; and therefore, that truth and liberty may more prevail, it is proposed that it should be left to be given any where, at any time, by any body. The objection to existing institutions, weighing heavily upon some minds, seems to be, not that we have preachers, but that they are paid for preaching, that they preach for hire and authoritatively. Now with regard to the second point of difficulty, a man's preaching authoritatively, we have little to say. We recognize and claim no authority in the office of Christian preacher, or teacher. It is recognized and claimed and exercised to some extent among some denominations of Christians. This may be good cause for reform among these denominations, and attempts to put the office of Christian teacher upon its right foundation, and have it exercised in its true spirit, but not to do away with the office itself, when it is exercised in a different spirit.

We do not in our Congregational churches recognize any authority as resting in the minister. He acts with no authority but that which his character gives him; he speaks with no authority but that which the truth confers; and this is an authority which belongs to every man. Suppose a religious Society constituted upon the plan of the Quakers, that when assembled for the purposes of religious worship, any one was at liberty to utter his convictions and feelings, and enter upon the office of instruction; whoever availed himself of this liberty would speak with authority just in proportion as he spoke well, spoke truth. If his thoughts were just and true and worthy of attention, if his positions were clear, his reasoning close and logical, his illustrations apt and to the point, his conclusions legitimate and strongly and earnestly urged, he would speak with authority; he would sway the minds and hearts of those who heard, he would exercise an influence in determining their opinions and conduct in respect to the points upon which he spoke,—an influence that would be increased, just in proportion as he illustrated evidence of having thoroughly examined and attended to the subject, upon which he spoke. Suppose that whenever this Society assembled for the purpose of religious worship, this same individual spoke, or endeavored to speak in this way, and that for the sake of convenience, that all might see and hear, he stood upon a platform, or went into a box or pulpit; would his authority be affected by this circumstance, would it be more or less? We do not see that it would. We do not see therefore that this objection against our existing religious institutions, that the clergy, or priests, or teachers, (call them by what name you will,) who administer them, speak authoritatively, has much weight. We do not see but that this objection lies just as strongly against societies, or associations so constituted, as that any man shall have liberty to speak, if prompted or disposed to do so. Whoever offers himself to speak, instruct, teach, upon the subject of religious truth or moral duty, assumes in so doing, that what he has to say is true, that he speaks with the authority of truth, and this is all the authority the clergyman among us at the present day assumes. He speaks as a man to men, as a brother to brethren, as a friend to friends, as to wise men, calling upon them to judge of what he says; and they do judge, and agree or dissent according to their convictions.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL IN CAMBRIDGE.

We think it may be interesting to the friends of this Institution to receive the following statement respecting its present condition. The year has opened with the accession of eleven students,—nine to the Junior and two to the Middle Class. Some changes have occurred in the Theological Faculty. Professor Ware, Senior, in consequence of the failure of his sight, has resigned his office, and withdrawn from all duty in the University, after a long service of thirty five years. He now holds the title of Professor Emeritus. To the place vacated by Dr Palfrey, the Corporation have appointed Dr Noyes, who, we understand, has removed to Cambridge, and enters on the duties of his office this week. He takes the title of 'Hancock Professor of Hebrew and the other Oriental Languages, and Dexter Lecturer in Biblical Literature.' The chair held by Professor Ware, Jr. has received the title of the 'Parkman' Professorship, in honor of the funds provided for Theological education by the late Samuel Parkman, Esq., and the liberal aid of his family. In consequence of these changes, the school is now under the charge of two professors only; to whom is committed not only the instruction of young men preparing for the ministry, but also the instruction of the Undergraduates in the theological text books, and the preaching in the University Chapel on the Lord's day; aided, in the latter service, by Dr Walker, who preaches a fourth part of the time.

CLOSE COMMUNION OF THE BAPTISTS.

Our respected neighbor of the 'Christian Watchman' says, in his paper for Oct. 2d, that 'the Baptists regard no others,' than those who have been *immersed*, 'as baptized or *entitled to the privileges of church fellowship*.' We are sorry to find, in this age of light and enlarged charity, any class of Christians willing to stand on so narrow and exclusive ground; and we feel half tempted, we confess, to set about showing how utterly unscriptural and unreasonable such a sort of sectarianism is, especially as our brother Editor, in the same columns that contained the words above quoted, saw fit to indulge himself in some remarks respecting *Liberal* Christians which were not altogether agreeable to us. But we will refrain,—and merely cite a pertinent saying of Whitfield;—'I am for those that have learned to throw water upon bigoted fire—to think and let think, about the *mode*, and consider what it *imports*.'

We will, however, now that we have the subject in hand, take the liberty to suggest the inquiry, whether some Baptists of the present day do not lay greater stress, than their ancestors were accustomed to do, on immersion, as a qualification for church fellowship? If not, how are we to account for the very liberal sentiments to be found in the Covenant of the First Baptist Church, gathered in the Province of Massachusetts, in which it is declared, 'that union to Christ was the sole ground of their communion with each other, and that they were ready to accept of, receive to, and hold church communion with all such, as in the judgment of charity, were fellow members with them in their head Christ Jesus, though differing in such controversial points, as are not absolutely and essentially necessary to salvation.'

OBERLIN PERFECTIONISM.

It appears from sundry papers and pamphlets on our table, that Rev. Asa Mahan, President of the Oberlin Collegiate Institution, at Oberlin, Ohio, and Rev. Mr Finney, formerly distinguished in Oneida County and elsewhere for his peculiar tact in revival operations, together with several other preachers of reputation among our Orthodox brethren, began sometime ago to teach what they call the 'doctrine of Christian Perfection;' and that, in consequence, a considerable number of the neighboring clergy, ever quick, it would seem, to suspect heresy in whatever is not authorized by their own 'standards of faith,' and no less prompt to punish it when discovered, immediately sounded the alarm that the Church was in danger, and set themselves busily at work to arrest the progress of the evil by means of their customary ecclesiastical penalties. An idea of the extent to which this sort of remedy was thought to be needed, in some quarters, may be derived from the fact disclosed in a recent official statement, that in a single church of Western New York, 'the discipline of no less than thirty-five members was deemed necessary.' And as if the 'baneful' error could not be sufficiently guarded against, without measures of a more public nature, the Presbytery of Buffalo, at a late meeting, passed several 'Resolutions,' and prepared an 'Address,' of a strongly condemnatory and warning character, both of which they ordered to be published and sent to the Churches. From these documents we extract a few sentences. 'The doctrine of sinless perfection in this life, as taught in the Oberlin Institute, is contrary to the Standards of our Church and the word of God.' 'Those churches, in our bounds, who have employed ministers licensed at said Institute, are out of order.' 'We cannot recognize young men educated there as candidates for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church.' 'As error, like leprosy, can be escaped only by avoiding contact, so do we implore you to shun this baneful sentiment by whatever avenue it may approach; make it among your most sacred duties not to yield any countenance to the men who published it, or the press by which it is disseminated.'

What can this terrible heresy be, our readers may be ready to ask, that it should have occasioned such ado? It is, briefly and simply, that, 'Christians may, during the present life, attain to entire perfection in holiness, and that it is proper for them to indulge the anticipation of making such attainments.' An error this, certainly not of the very worst sort in the world, nor, seemingly at least, of the most fatal tendency! Nay, it is not, we are bold to confess, yet quite apparent to us, why a Christian, who happens to propose to himself the highest possible standard of excellence, and some how or other fancies he may attain to it before he dies, does thereby necessarily forfeit altogether his claim to the fellowship of the Church! And, to speak seriously—for ourselves, great as the error seems to some, we would a thousand times rather cherish it in our own minds, and see it prevail throughout the community, than the one which pervades even the most improved orthodox system, viz., that mankind are born with such a nature, that, so soon as they come to the age of moral responsibleness, they will *certainly* sin and *do nothing else but sin*, till renewed by the spirit of the Holy Ghost.

We learn that Mr James Lewis Stone has received and accepted a call to settle as pastor of the First Congregational Society in Mansfield, and Wednesday, the 28th inst., is appointed for his ordination. Sermon by Rev. Mr Stone of West Bridgewater.

ORDINATION AND CONVENTION AT AUGUSTA, ME.

The Ordination of Mr S. Judd Jr. of Northampton, late of the Cambridge Theological School, over the First Unitarian Society in Augusta, was on Thursday, Oct. 1st. It had been arranged that the Annual State Convention of Unitarian Congregational Churches should be holden at the same time and place. This added greatly to the interest of the occasion, as well as to the numbers present. Nearly all the Unitarian Churches in the State were represented; one, even at the distance of two hundred miles. The Pastors with their delegates, assembled on Wednesday evening at the house of H. W. Fuller Esq., and organized the Convention; Rev. Dr Nichols of Portland being President, and Rev. Mr Cole of Hallowell, Secretary. Prayers were offered by Rev. Mr Whitman of Portland; the evening was spent in a full and friendly conference concerning the condition and wants of the several churches, and the prospects of Liberal Christianity in the State, and the Convention was adjourned to the next day.

The Council for Ordination was convened on Thursday morning at the house of Hon. Mr Johnson, Secretary of State. Rev. Dr Nichols was appointed Moderator, and Rev. Mr Cole Scribe. Among the Delegates present, we were happy to see his Excellency Gov. Fairfield from Rev. Mr Farley's church at Saco. The exercises in the Church, were as follows. Voluntary on the organ; Anthem; Introductory Prayer by Rev. Mr Wheeler of Topsham; Selections from Scripture by Rev. Mr Cushing of Calais; Original Hymn; Sermon by Rev. Mr Peabody of Portsmouth; Ordaining Prayer by Rev. Mr Whitman of Portland; Anthem; Charge by Rev. Dr. Nichols; Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. Mr Cole; Hymn; Address to the Society by Rev. Mr Edes of Kennebunk, their late Pastor; Concluding Prayer by Rev. Mr Edes of Eastport; Anthem. All the Parts were excellent. Mr Peabody's text was from 1 John ii, 3, 'And hereby we do know that we know him if we keep his commandments.' The preacher's purpose was to set forth the true test of the Christian character,—first by considering where we are not to look for it, and secondly to develope it as laid down in the text. Not to particular experiences were we to look for this test, nor as a consequence to despond for the want of them. Neither, again, were we to rely on our exaltation of feeling at special times, for like the ardent Apostle we might fall from it in the hour of trial and deny our Master. Nor, thirdly, were we to confide in the presence, or the absence of outward gifts as a sure test—but alone, in the quiet and constant keeping of the commandments of Christ—in the living his life,—in the daily growth of the character in Christian faith and love. A practical, evangelical discourse—strongly appealing to individual consciences, and answering for all that important question, in heart and life am I a Christian?

The singing we should not forget to mention, was uncommonly good. A hymn written by Rev. Dr Frothingham, for a similar occasion, at New York, was sung, and likewise the following, furnished for this occasion, by Henry W. Fuller Esq. of Augusta.

Eternal God! we come to-day
With humble trust and holy fear;
Our vows and worship now to pay,
And dedicate thy servant here.

Approve—accept—anoint him, Lord,
With heavenly wisdom, truth and love;
And may his daily walk afford
An emblem of the life above.

Grant us thy blessing! Give us grace
To live as followers of thy Son;
That we may see Thee face to face,
And all, like Christ, with Thee be one.

O give us faith! A living faith!
The faith of him who stilled the storm;—
That sets a rainbow o'er our path,
And lights a star to guide us home.

The Council and Society with the Pastors of the other societies dined together at the Augusta House. At 4 o'clock, the Convention met again for business at the house of Deacon Abraham Fuller. The Circular which appeared in the last Register, was then presented and accepted. The usual religious services were held in the church in the evening, and were attended by a large audience. Prayers were offered by Mr F. A. Whitney, and the Convention Sermon preached by Rev. Mr Hedge, from the text, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.' Christ and Christianity forever to endure, his subject,—in opposition to the view, to some extent, embraced abroad, and now floating in the minds of certain among us, that Christianity is to have its day, and pass by, to be succeeded by other revelations. A most excellent Discourse—a strong word, a kind word, and timely. We hope Mr Hedge will consent to lay it in some form, before our community. After the sermon, Rev. Mr Cole, as Secretary of the Convention, read his Annual Report. He gave an interesting account of the state of many of the Churches in Maine, and made valuable suggestions concerning the promotion of the interests of true religion in their midst. This was followed by addresses from several gentlemen, among whom were Mr Whitman, Mr Wheeler, Mr Peabody, Mr Pike, Tutor in Bowdoin College, sustaining certain resolutions, and whose remarks we should be happy to transcribe. The President concluded with a few remarks, and prayer, and the usual Dismission Hymn was sung.

We have seldom been present on a more interesting occasion, than these combined exercises thus formed. Especially did they serve to gladden the hearts of our Brethren, who, from remote and widely separated stations, had come together. They who have been always blessed with the fulness of ministerial sympathy, and of Christian fellowship, cannot know all the worth of these gatherings. Something, we are sure, this meeting has done for the interests of religion,—for the explanation and diffusion of those views which we believe to be the truth as it is in Jesus, and to strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of their Teachers and Friends.

One word more in reference to the society at Augusta now again blessed with a regular ministry. Situated in the capital of the State—at a point so favorable for the dissemination of our views—we especially rejoice at its condition and pleasant prospects. Additions it will yet receive. A good spirit of inquiry is in the minds of many; and it will lead to simpler and more rational views of the Christian doctrines than the popular Theology offers. A general interest is manifested in the welfare of the society. And especially to the ladies is great credit due for their constant and successful exertions to promote its interests. As we looked upon the new and elegant pulpit curtain and the other decorations of the church with that, the product of their industrious labor, and were told of their other manifold good deeds for the interests of the ministry, and reflected how strong in every age has been the female heart for the cause of Christ and the Church, we felt that woman was well paying back to Christianity the peculiar obligations which early it had imposed on her.

And thus, with pleasant hopes, and to a fair field, our Brother goes to labor. The natural beauties and attractions of Augusta, are very great, and it must yet support an increased population within its borders,—situated as it is, at one of the loveliest points on the Kennebec.—May the society of which we have spoken, and those by which it is surrounded be built up in the faith and fellowship of the Gospel—mutually striving together for the cause of Christian truth, of holiness and love. F. A. W.

DESECRATION OF THE HOUSE OF GOD.

'Is it not written, my house shall be called the house of prayer?' Mark xi. 17.

Is there nothing to be held as sacred in these times of Christian light and liberty? Shall there no longer be any cherished spot where the weary and afflicted soul may rest as on holy ground, secure from the din of the worshipers of mammon and the clamors of political strife? Must the dove of devotion hereafter seek in vain for a resting place on this wide sea of human passions? Are all things to be alike to us,—all places confounded together, the market, the theatre, the political forum and the Church of God?

Such was the painful train of reflections forced upon the mind of the writer, not long since, by the occurrence of the following circumstance in one of the villages of this state. At a meeting of a purely political character held by one of the leading parties of the day, one of the churches was thrown open and made the theatre for the display of the wild ravings of party spirit and political slang! There, in that very desk where prayer was wont to be made and the pure and holy precepts of the gospel enforced, was seen the political declaimer, glowing in all the heat of party spirit, while from within these walls, once consecrated to the service of the Almighty God, arose the sound of boisterous applause. There was seen the miserable drunkard reeling and stumbling up the steps, and horrid oaths were heard at the very threshold of the house of God. The house of God! call it no longer thus, after it has been used for such unhallowed purposes. Let us rather mourn over its desolation, and pray that this evil may be stayed in its progress, ere it prove fatal to all those holy associations so ardently cherished by every sincere worshiper in the sanctuary. For is it not greatly to be feared that if one such occurrence, unattended as it was by any palliating circumstances, be suffered to pass unnoticed, others will follow in quick succession until our churches shall lose their sacred character and become the common resort for all kinds of public gatherings? And if so, is it not well that the subject should be brought before the public, that it may be known whether the Christian community is prepared for such an event? H.

BOOKS WANTED FOR THE LIBRARY IN DIVINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

How can this be? some may be ready to ask. Are there not nearly fifty thousand volumes in the Library of Harvard University, to which the members of the Theological School have access? And is there not also quite a respectable number of such books as they most need in the prosecution of their studies already on the shelves of the Library in Divinity Hall? To these questions, we of course say, yes; and we add, that equal advantages of this sort are not enjoyed in any other Institution of our country. But still the want suggested at the head of this article is not an imaginary one. There are many books, especially of a modern sort, needed by those who wish to pursue a truly liberal course of study, that are not to be found in either of the Libraries of the University; and the funds of the Institution that can be appropriated annually to the increase of those Libraries, are too scanty to warrant the procuring of such books. Important works, of various kinds, are continually issuing from the press which our Divinity students at Cambridge would derive great benefit from perusing, but which are not, at present, to be found within their reach, and will not be, unless some of the friends of the Theological School are thoughtful and generous enough to furnish them by dona-

tion. Now, what we ask is, that publishers, authors, the clergy, persons of literary habits generally, and others, who feel an interest in that excellent Institution, will understand and feel that they can render it a good service and help not a little to secure to the churches a thoroughly educated ministry, by sending, from time to time, to the Library in Divinity Hall, such books, of recent production, as they can conveniently spare, and as will be useful to young men engaged in preparing for the sacred office. Or if any one has sums of money, that he has resolved to appropriate to benevolent uses, but is at a loss as to the particular object to which he can best apply it, we would assure him that, by devoting it to the purpose above named, he will be doing that which he will not be likely ever to regret, and from which the community will derive, though indirectly, yet surely, a great and permanent benefit.

ECCLESIASTICAL COUNCIL.

In September last, Letters Missive were issued by the Hollis Street Church, inviting ing fourteen of the Unitarian Congregational Churches in Boston to constitute, by their representatives, a Mutual Ecclesiastical Council, for the purpose of deliberating and deciding on sundry articles of complaint, preferred by the Proprietors of Hollis Street Meeting House, against their Pastor, Rev. John Pierpont, as reasons for the dissolution of his connection with the Society. The time appointed for the convening of the Council was last Tuesday at ten o'clock, A. M., when eight of the above mentioned Churches met in the Hollis Street Meeting house, each by its Pastor and a Delegate, and, having gone through the customary forms of organization, entered upon the business, that, in their opinion, properly came before them, and which they completed early in the afternoon of Wednesday. We are unable to give the 'Result' of the Council in this paper, but shall endeavor to do it next week.

For the Register and Observer.

The Semi-annual Meeting of the Worcester Sunday School Association was held at the Church of Mr Morse, West Parish of Marlboro', on Thursday the 8th inst. This Association is composed of the Pastors, Sunday School Teachers and other friends of the Sunday School, belonging to the thirteen churches of the Ministerial Association in the East parts of Worcester County. It has been organized six years, during which time it has held two meetings every year, which have been numerously attended, conducted with great animation and have contributed much to promote zeal and interest in the cause of Sunday School education, by thus bringing together a large number of Teachers and affording them an opportunity of extending to each other, sympathy, counsel and co-operation. On this occasion, all outward circumstances combined to heighten the enjoyment of the meeting. It was one of our finest autumnal days, the trees were clothed in a gorgeous drapery that rivalled the beauty of spring, and the hotel at which the company assembled is on the borders of a lake, and in the midst of a luxuriant country, which together furnish one of the most lovely prospects in the country. After partaking of a bountiful collation provided by the hospitality of the parish, the association moved in procession to the church. Prayer was offered by Mr Stebbins of Leominster, and a Sermon delivered by Mr Lincoln of Fitchburg, from the words, 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' In consequence of the lamented death of the late Dr Thayer, who had presided over the association from its formation, and had ever taken a lively interest in its success, the chair was taken by Mr Allen of Northboro', who made a few remarks to the assembly. The parents were addressed by Mr Dean, of Boston, the teachers, by Mr Palfrey, of Grafton, and the children by Mr F. T. Gray, of Boston. The services concluded with an ascription of praise, in which the whole congregation united. The effect of the meeting was much heightened by the excellent performance of the numerous and well trained choir of the parish.

For the Register and Observer.

PRINCIPLES OF ACTION.

The assertion is often made, even by some who are professedly religious;—that nothing more is required of a person, than the performance of what is right. A little reflection might perhaps convince such, that this is but a partial view of man's duty. Something more is requisite. We are commanded to do what is right, yet it should proceed from right motives. Actions may be in themselves considered as commendable while the motives are altogether wrong. A fear of the world, self interest, or mere human respect, may induce us to make our actions harmonize with the standard of duty; yet such motives are unworthy, they are carnal not spiritual; they may make us pleasers of men, but are not acceptable to our Father in heaven. Of what avail would it be for us, to imitate all the virtues of the most consistent Christian, if our hearts were not right, in the sight of God. Our actions may be pure, not because purity is a virtue, acceptable unto Him, but we may have apprehensions with regard to the opinion of the world, and desire to retain an unsullied reputation and therefore, manifest no apparent departure from a virtuous course of life. One may be patient, in the midst of difficulties, and why? he is fearful, that he might disoblige others, by carrying things to an extremity, and draw upon himself some temporal disadvantage. Another becomes sober and temperate, yet not through love of the virtue, but because he finds there is a disgrace connected with habits of intemperance, or by experience made sensible, that it is a great physical evil. Another, again, shows wonderful courage, in bearing grief, pain, and affliction, but why? not to please God or show submission to his will, but because he thinks it argues a mean spirit, to appear dejected and sink under trouble. Some are charitable to those that are in distress, and why? through the expectation, of receiving a recompense in return for their kindness; either by reciprocated feelings of benevolence, by pecuniary compensations, or by enlisting the favorable attention of others, in their behalf. But does the Gospel commend such virtues? Virtues! they are undeserving the *name*. Pagans and Mahometans, might indeed approve such motives; yea, all whose religion does not proceed from the heart, might uphold these *outward* acts of morality, but they will not pass current, with a God of perfect holiness. They are but the counterfeits of that divine image, in which man was created. These worldly motives in the heart, like baser metal within, must be refined, the alloy separated.—The scriptures, do not say, Blessed are the poor; but blessed are the poor in spirit, in affection. They do not say, 'blessed are they, which do hunger and thirst: but blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness. They do not pronounce a blessing upon those that suffer persecution, but upon those only, who suffer it for righteousness sake. A servant, may have a violent and passionate master, and meet with much difficulty in his service, but he may find, that by bearing with his ill humour, he may make his fortune under him: though his master give him a hundred injurious words, he will endure all, without any complaint. This servant is meek and patient, you will say, but is it from his heart? Is it for the glory of God, or his own interest? Is it from views of duty, or because he has the prospect of a temporal advantage in his eye? This patience will never be rewarded by God, for it has its own reward. The motives were worldly, and the recompence is the same. Another may forgive an enemy, who has often abused him. He afterward sees, and converses with his opponent, uses him kindly, as though he had never been wronged. But from whence cometh all this good will? Through the influence of those, upon whom he is dependent; apprehending much disadvantage, that would naturally result from their displeasure; otherwise, he would have no desire thus to humble himself. But these are not Christian virtues, they are not worthy principles of action. Pagans might possess them, hypocrites assume them. Would you strive to do the will of God, and please him rather than men? Let duty, not human respect, be the motive to action Walk like Abraham, the father of the faithful, in the presence of God, with simplicity of heart, and greatshall be your reward in heaven.' Do nothing merely for humane praise, but labor for the glory of God, and the interests of immortal souls. Serve God, as he desires to be served, in spirit and in truth. God will give each one of us, grace to discharge our duties, in such a manner as will be acceptable to him, if we make good use of the opportunities we enjoy. He demands something more than the outward performance of duty. Observing every affection of our heart, he is not satisfied with appearances only, but requires an *interior* homage. Strive then, to do the whole will of God. Be not actuated by motives of vanity, interest, or worldly respect. Like a canker do they consume, as it were, the best actions of the heart. Do not rest satisfied with good works merely; for they cannot in any instance, atone for a deficiency in faith. Let there be consistency, then, of faith with action, internal and external obedience. It is said, when the pomegranate grows ripe, the fruit within, becoming red, gives the same tincture to the outside, and thus discovers outwardly, the color it has within. So true piety, when it is perfected in the heart, diffuses itself throughout our whole character, and thus, out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh.' T.

HOLY HABITS.

If, at the moment of your birth, God had sent an angel to be ever with you; to guard you from every moral danger, to warn you against every temptation, to aid and direct you in the way to heaven, it would surely be evidence of his kindness, and of his earnest desire for your salvation. If, at each successive month, he had sent another angel, and another, and another, and so on, through all your life, until finally you were surrounded by a convoy of angels, who should keep you in safety till death, and then bear you on joyous wings to heaven, how would it magnify your obligations to love him, and serve him, and to be saved! And yet he has done more than this. He has given you habits; and these, by your own choice, and through his grace, may be made more influential for your safety than an ethereal guard. It is obvious why it is better to pray for yourself, than to have angels pray for you. For the same reason it is better to be guarded by holy habits, than by holy angels. Habits, then, may be more than angels to you! Beware, lest by perversion, like angels rejected, they become forever the ministers of wrath and wo to your soul!

Notice to Subscribers.—We send out bills this week to a large number of subscribers whose payments are behind. Immediate attention to them is *very earnestly* requested. We might suggest urgent reasons for prompt attention to such bills generally, but in this case we trust a simple reference only to the subject, will be necessary, as the amount in each case is small, and as every one who reflects for a moment must perceive how vitally important prompt payments are to the prompt and continued publication of a good newspaper.

OBITUARY.

For the Register and Observer.

DEACON FRANCIS JARVIS.

His youth was innocent; his riper age
Marked by some act of goodness every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

Deacon Francis Jarvis, of Concord, departed this life Oct. 1st, 1840, aged 72.

Although in private life, and of modest and retiring habits, it is not the less proper to take public notice of a character which is well fitted to impart lessons of wisdom. No lessons are so likely to be sound and useful as those that are derived from living characters. They are rendered still more impressive when death has set his seal upon them. It would be well for us if we were more attentive to the teachings of the wise and good, who, 'being dead still speak.' Deacon Jarvis began life, as many of our greatest and best men have done, with nothing but the talents and good dispositions which his Creator had bestowed upon him, and the lessons and impressions early derived from poor but virtuous parents. Of course he had to pass through that discipline of self-denial and self-help that is almost the only avenue to a thorough character, and which well illustrates the wisdom that has provided a world of trials and difficulties for such a being as man.

Deacon Jarvis had but little of that disposition so common at the present time which makes haste to be rich; but he was very liberally endowed with the diligent hand that more surely maketh rich. He preferred a healthful growth and an easy competence to the prospect of overgrown wealth and the chances of speculation. So averse was he to incur debts, that on entering business he lived in his shop and boarded himself until he had accumulated enough to pay down for his board. And so exact was he in his business transactions, that when a mechanic brought in a bill he detected in a long list of charges, an item of ten cents for setting a horse's shoe. He paused and said, there must be a mistake. He had no minute of such a charge. But on calling his man he admitted that being about to go away early Monday morning he went Sunday evening to get a shoe set, and omitted to inform him, for fear of reproof for violating the Sabbath. These habits saved him through life an immense amount of perplexity, accidents and collisions with his neighbors, and made a competence for the thorough education of a large family, and for old age as certain as seed time and harvest.

Deacon Jarvis was also distinguished for the early love and successful pursuit of knowledge amid the duties of a most industrious and laborious life. Even when an apprentice he would rise at four o'clock in the morning to give time for reading, and appropriate the money given him for holidays to purchase books. Through life, rarely was there a day so occupied that he did not find or make an opportunity for reading. This habit, united with a retentive memory and a discriminating mind, enabled him to accumulate much knowledge on a variety of subjects. While he was well informed on general subjects, on politics and history, morals and theology were his favorite subjects. He was naturally of a religious cast of mind, and he early consecrated himself to practical piety. He was a Deacon of the First Church in Concord for the last twenty four years of his life. According to the direction of an Apostle he 'used the office well being found blameless, holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience.' As Stephen, who was the first Deacon, was said to be mighty in the Scriptures, so few men, laymen or clergymen, had a more familiar acquaintance with the Scriptures than Deacon Jarvis. As might have been expected from his general knowledge and habits of personal enquiry, he early adopted and heartily embraced, liberal and rational views of Christianity. Few men held these opinions with more distinctness, or had a more sufficient answer to give to those who asked a reason for his faith. These views were very dear to him because they seemed to him to exalt the moral nature and free agency of man, and to present God in the simple light of a wise and holy Father. Deacon Jarvis' life, especially the latter part of it was an illustration of the consistency of these views with a deep and humble piety. For a long time before his death he was subject to great infirmity and suffering. It was delightful to see how completely the resources of a good life and the consolations of religion raised him above them. Patient, cheerful, with a mind perfectly clear he was ready to converse freely on all subjects; but religion was his favorite theme. Rarely did he suffer one to leave his chamber without leaving an impression on their mind of the reality and love of religion. As his end drew near his sense o imperfection and unworthiness seemed to increase in view of entering a world of sinless perfection and the presence of a holy God. But his confidence in the divine mercy and goodness increased still more. He dwelt much on the *promises*. The whole course of his past life, all the longings of his soul, seemed to confirm the gracious declarations of Christ. Only the day before his death when he could not speak above a whisper, he never uttered more spiritual, joyful and triumphant sentiments. It seemed the language not of decay and death but of the beginning of a higher and better life. It was his habit in later years to read or hear read a passage of Scripture every day and select some text for meditation. The passage he marked for meditation on the morning of his death was this. 'The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe.' Soon after, he was released from this earthly tabernacle and entered that tower of everlasting strength and immortal beauty, where the storms of life shall no more beat upon him, and 'the ills that flesh is heir to,' no more assail him.

May his example and others like it, recommend to the young and to all ages the same diligence and fidelity in business, the same early and systematic pursuit of knowledge, the same humble and hearty piety. Z.

For the Register and Observer.

MISS R. A. KNAPP.

Died in Boston on Sunday morning Oct. 5, Miss R. A. Knapp, aged 17 years.

Public eulogy of the dead belongs only to those who in their lifetime have sustained public relations, and ordinarily, the scenes and conversations of the chamber in which our friends breathe out their spirits, should be reported only to friendly ears.

But all the good are interested in those cases in which a fellow pilgrim to Heaven passes away from this world with unwonted peace, and we feel prompted to publish beyond the domestic circle a new and extraordinary instance of hope in death.

The subject of this brief notice, was from infancy amiable, faithful and beloved. Few young persons have ever made so many friends as she endeared to herself, for to know her was to love; and what is still more remarkable, the friendship that she had once secured, she never forfeited. Attacked by a lingering and flattering disease, she manifested without abatement, the same sweetness and serene ity that had characterized her in her brightest and healthiest days. She seemed to forget her own pains and discomfort, and to have no anxiety, except on account of the fatigue and distress that she might cause to her family. She never struggled with the malady that was wearing out her life, but submitted with a graceful and cheerful resignation to the power which shortened her days. The pleasant sunshine could not tempt her to express a wish to go out from the confinement of her curtained chamber. Her patience and content increased with her need of them; and the stealthy approach of death robbed her heart of none of its finer feelings, nor in the least degree chilled the vitality and warmth of her affections. She descended into the Valley of Death without a shade of gloom upon her countenance, or the slightest sensation of dread in her soul; smiling upon her weeping friends, bestowing tokens and remembrances of her love, and bidding them a calm farewell as if but about to compose herself for the sweet sleep of a pleasant night. Here was no excitement, no loss of self-possession, no formal professions of confidence or hope—but an easy and constant serenity, a gentle patience, an unpretending, simple and childlike trust in God, marked her whole demeanor. All who saw her felt more deeply than words could have convinced them, that Love was dwelling in her and she in Love, and that by the power of this divine principle, she passed from death unto life, or rather was prevented from knowing either death or fear.

OBITUARY NOTICE.—There is a satisfaction in the life, last hours and death of some people, which in a great measure takes away the anguish of their loss. We are reminded of this by the recent death of Mr John Call, of Charlestown. He died Oct. 7, 1840, aged 57, after a sickness of about four weeks. The deceased had for a long time suffered with Christian fortitude under severe indisposition, but recently has been confined to his bed. He is too well known and too much esteemed in the town in which he has long been a resident, and elsewhere, to require that any notice should here be taken of his death. Still, for the benefit of example, it is well that we should finally recur to him. In him were united all those qualities which cement friendship, unite domestic relations, and produce respect. He was an affectionate brother, a kind husband, a tender parent, and a true friend. His memory will be long preserved in the hearts of those who have felt the influence of his care and affection, as well as by all who have known him; and they may truly say, 'Blessed is the memory of the dead.' F.

INTELLIGENCE.

Lunatic Hospital, Worcester.—There are at present 240 patients in this institution—more than should be there with the present accommodations, since 224 rooms are not enough for the comfortable convenience of so many insane people. Applications are continually made for the admission of lunatics; but owing to the limited number of apartments, they cannot be received. This state of things appeals strongly to the sympathies and humanity of the Legislature of Massachusetts. An immediate attention should be given to it when the General Court convenes. Another wing must be erected, or those which are now already too full, must be extended. With the faithful manner in which this noble charity has been conducted since its organization, no one at all conversant with the pinciples upon which it was founded, can find fault.

It is a pattern institution—commended alike by our own citizens and strangers. It matters not what it may cost to increase facilities—they must be had. Appeals of the strongest character are made for entrance, which Dr. Woodward is compelled to reject, solely because there is not an unoccupied place remaining. The necessity of the case, therefore, is the strongest of all arguments, and we hope no parsimonious system of public economy will be allowed to retard the progress of humanity in a section of New England that professes to sympathize with the unfortunate in all the relations of life.—*Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Resumption of Specie Payments.—The resumption question occupies much attention. The great difficulty is the indebtedness of Philadelphia to the East, which amounts to about $6,000,000. Unless some satisfactory arrangement can be made on this important point, a general resumption, as before stated, is impossible. Our banks, even in the present reduced condition of their circulation, could not spare $3,000,000 with safety, so that any sudden demand for specie in New York and Boston would immediately lead to drafts upon this city and to all the unpleasant consequences. An arrangement, it is well known, has long been in progress, designed to change this immediate indebtedness of $6,000,000 into indebtedness on post notes, ranging from 12 to 18 months. Nearly all the Philadelphia banks have expressed a willingness to assist in the plan, by loans to the United States Bank. A fear, however, still exists in one or two timid quarters. It is, lest after the resumption under these circumstances, these post notes should be sent to Philadelphia and sold for bank notes and specie be demanded for the latter. Doubtless, however, our bank financiers will hit upon some expedients calculated to avoid this rock, and bring about the desirable consummation with regard to specie payments.—*Bicknell's Register.*

Another Steam Packet Line.—The Richmond Compiler says—'A letter received here states that the merchants of Bremen, Germany, have projected a steam packet line between their city and New York. The vessels are to be 1000 tons burthen each. Upwards of $100,000 had been subscribed on the 1st of September.

(From the N. York Journal of Commerce)

Boston and New York.—The exports of Cotton from New Orleans to Boston, during the last season, exceeded the exports to New York during the same period, in the ratio of 53,970 bales to 49,593bales—or in value in the ratio of $2,120,000 to $1,880,000; being $240,000 in favor of Boston, although the previous year we find the exports of Cotton to New York exceed those to Boston by 12,012 bales or $480,000.

In addition to this important view, which we extract from a New Orleans Price Current, permit us to give the views of a St. Louis paper of their hopes of having a continuous line of railways from that place to Boston. The fact which they present, that $3,334,000 of the items of Tobacco, Cotton, and Flour, Pork, Lard, Beef, Corn and Lead, products of the valley of the Mississippi, went to Boston the last season, whilst only $3,371,000 of the same articles, were shipped to New York, should claim our attention, and convince our property holders that New York must not depend entirely on her natural advantages.

We must take into view that Massachusetts alone, manufactures articles in value to the extent of $90,000,000. In Leather, to include Maine, it exceeds $14,000,000. Let us ask ourselves, what importance to the consumer, is the extra freight of a pair of shoes, a piece of cotton goods or cloth, from Boston to Buffalo, whilst our Eri Canal is closed by ice, or the Ohio River dried up in summer? The consumer will hardly perceive the extra cost. This proves the position we have assumed on a former occasion, that the introduction of railways is designed to change entirely the interior transportation, in valuable Merchandise and Domestic Manufactures.

The St. Louis paper says:

The two cities of the United States which are progressing most rapidly in population and wealth at the present time in proportion to their size, are, undoubtedly Boston and St. Louis, one in the eastern, the other in the western section of the Union. For many years—from 1800 to 1830—Boston was losing ground in the race for greatness, with New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, but about the year 1820, a new era dawned on that city, through the instrumentality of its enterprising capitalists, which has turned the tide strongly in its favor. At that time the first rail-road was constructed on one side of the city, and the first steam power loom establishment erected on the other. From that time to the present, Lowell has increased in population from 200 to 20,000, and in wealth, from $100,000 to $20,000,000. The Cotton manufacture of Lowell, and the other hundred manufacturing villages in New England, have given a stability, to the trade of Boston, unknown to any other city in the Union.

Massachusetts, which formerly exported, it was said, nothing but granite and ice, now produces manufactures valued at ninety millions of dollars per annum, a large part of which centres at Boston, as a place of distribution to all parts of the Union.

At a later period than that first mentioned, her farseeing citizens became convinced, that although she had no rivers like the Hudson, the Delaware, or the Susquehanna, to bring to her wharves the products of the boundless and fertile west, yet that an iron pathway might be laid along her mountain gorges, over which a steam engine with a train of cars could move at the rate of 30 miles per hour, taking the produce of the Lakes at the outlet of the New York Canal, and landing it at Boston in less time than it can be delivered at New York. About one half of this road is completed, and the whole will be finished within twelve months from this time.

This road will cost not far from seven millions of dollars. It is calculated to support an engine of 14 tons weight, and to carry 1000 barrels of flour in a single train of cars, ten miles an hour. It is estimated that when finished, flour can be transported from Albany to Boston, 201 miles, for 30 cents per barrel. Two thousand men are now at work on this road, in some sections, both night and day. The captalists of Boston have also contributed largely to the funds required for laying down railways from Albany to Buffalo, between which places there will soon be a continuous line completed. The same enterprise and capital will, ere many years shall have elapsed, continue the same line across Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, to St. Louis, in case the funds require d for the work are not furnished by the States on the route.

The trade between this city and Boston is greater and the connexion more intimate than is generally imagined. The various staple articles of export from Boston, including domestic goods, boots and shoes, oil, candles, &c. required for this market, and which are forwarded from here to the upper country, cannot fall short of two millions of dollars.

We shall close these remarks with a comparrtive statement of the value of western productions shipped from New Orleans to New York and Boston.

	New York.	Boston.
Tobacco,	560,000	160,000
Cotton,	1,880,000	2,120,000
Flour,	228 000	156,000
Pork,	570,000	324,000
Bacon,	109,000	50,000
Lard,	36,000	149,000
Beef,	3,200	11,000
Corn,	15,000	12,000
Lead,	270,000	353,000
Total,	3,371,000	3,334,000

The Ancient Pear Tree.—Being at Eastham a few days since, we called on the owner of the ancient Pear Tree, mentioned by Mr. Barber, in his Historical Collections of Massachusetts, who gave us a liberal treat of its fine fruit, and a pocket full to bring home. Mr Barber gives a correct engraving of the tree, and the following history of it:—'It was brought from England by Thomas Prince, for many years Governor of Plymouth Colony. Governor Prince removed from Duxbury to Eastham in 1640, or 1645, and leaving Eastham, returned to Plymouth in 1665, so that this tree planted by him, is now probably about two hundred years old. It is still in a vigorous state. The fruit is small, but excellent,—and it is stated that it yields annually upon an average, fifteen bushels of fruit,'—and we will add that the great age, its very prolific qualities, and still healthy condition, speak a volume in favor of the strength and fertility of Cape Cod sands. Well might Governor Prince have said when planting this tree, 'Many generations shall eat the fruit thereof.'—*Barnstable Patriot.*

Sandwich Islands.—A report was recently offered and made public, of a Committe of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Mission, appointed to consider the subject of the visit of the French Frigate L'Artemise to the Sandwich Islands.

The Committee proposed the following resolution, which with the report was adopted by the Board.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Board, no just ground of complaint existed against any of its missionaries in relation to the professed cause of the visit of the French frigate L'Artemise, to the Sandwich Islands in July 1839.

It is not the business of your Committee to reccommend to this Board, by any public act, to express their astonishment in respect to another branch of this subject, which however, was not one of the professed objects of the visit of Capt. Laplace to Honolulu, and which had therefore no necessary connection with the alledged persecution of the French missionaries, on their return to the Islands. It belongs to the civilized world properly to characterize the spectacle of the acknowledged representative of a great and powerful nation compelling a few defenceless islanders upon whom the light of civilzation was just beginning to dawn, by means of a treaty dictated at the cannon's mouth to renew the demoralizing traffic in ardent spirits, for the apparent benefit of French agriculture and French commerce. The fact that this traffic had been previously prohibited to the citizens and subjects of all nations, and that the enemies of your missionaries at Honolulu prevailed upon Capt. Laplace to insist upon its renewal with the subjects of France, as one of the treaty stipulations, your Committee apprehend accounts very satifactorily for the many slanders which were heaped upon those missionaries there. There can be but little doubt therefore that the original suspension of this traffic, in relation to which the American missionaries were known to have exerted an active influence, had a much greater influence in placing these faithful ministers of the cross out of the pale of that protection which the laws of civilized warfare always give to non-combatants, than all other causes combined; and that the commander of L'Artemise, if not the French government itself, was actually deceived by the false representations of those who were or wished to be engaged in a business, equally destructive to the temporal and eternal interests of the human race.

Union of New-Brunswick and Nova-Scotia.—The last St. John Chronicle says—A report has just reached us that a proposition for the Union of these Provinces has been made, and that inquiries will immediately be instituted to ascertain the best means of doing so. Saint John is named as the Capital of the United Provinces. The late hour at which the information reaches us prevents our making any comment, but we hasten to lay the important news before our readers.

New Mode of Binding Ships.—We have just seen the plan of a patent invention by Mr Jonathan Fell, shipbuilder, Workington, which promises to be of great use in our naval architecture.—The thing has already been in useful play. This invention is a new mode of building tried in various building-yards, and found to answer uncommonly well. Where knee timbers are scarce, the thing will come into most ships. It consists simply of bolts passed through the ship's side, and having iron cheeks affixed on the ends of the beams; such cheeks having holes formed therein, through which the bolts pass, and, by means of screw-nuts, the sides of the ship and the beams are tightly drawn together and bound. This new mode may be used separately or conjointly with ordinary knees. It is well known to ship-builders, that in using knees, even according to the most approved manner, the beams and sides separate, technically called 'working.' This arises from the nature of the knees, which in fact, act as levers on the bolts which fix them; and the slightest giving way or drawing of the bolts makes a very wide separation between the end of a beam and the side of a ship, owing to the distance the bolt which fixes the knee to the side of the ship is from the beam. Now, the bolts of the new plan coming parallel with the beam, and in a line therewith, no such separating of the beam and the sides of a ship can take place, as no drawing of the bolts can take place after they are once well affixed. Altogether, it appears to us that the invention possesses simplicity of construction, strength of material, and fastness of holdin or binding, not to be found in any mode hitherto in use.—*Tyne Pilot.*

Submarine Forest.—We have been favored with an inspection of several specimens of the fossil remains of this forest. It lies on the sea coast, below Seathorne, or Owthorne, and extends along the shore for some hundred yards, and probably, a considerable way below low-water mark into the sea. The most prominent partion now visible is to the north of the ancient site of Owthorne church, supposed to have been built early in the 13th century.—Whether the ground on which this forest once stood has experienced the change which has taken place, through the agency of a convulsion of nature, or from the mere gradual encroachment of the sea, does not appear from any documentary testimony—we think from the last, the cliff above if being remembered by old inhabitants to have been much nearer the fossil remains than it now is, and must have been part of the mainland on which the forest stood. These remains consist of fir, beech, and oak, most of them in a carbonized state, and crumbling to pieces on any force being applied to them. A few months ago, the vertebræ and antlers of a stag were found, which are now in the possession of the Rev. C. Sykes, of Roos. The trunks and boles of many of the trees now visible are from twleve to eighteen inches in diameter and from three to four feet above the surface, inclining in different directions, from a horizontal position, at an angle of about 30 degrees. The arms and branches are prostrate, and partially embedded in the sand of the shore. The best time for a survey is the second and third day after the full and change of the moon, as the tides then ebb and flow the lowest.—*Hull paper.*

Napoleon's Remains.—The French frigate Artemise, under the command of the Prince de Joinville, has arrived St. Helena, in 47 days' passage from Cherbourg for the purpose of taking the ashes of Napoleon to France. So all that remains of the mortal part of the great Conqueror of nations, is about to return to his once beloved France; not as a victorious hero, but upon a level with the dust of the humblest of his former subjects, hundreds of thousands of whose deaths he has caused. Death makes no distinction between the mighty, and the humblest peasant. He who has caused more distress, probably, in the world than any one man for many centuries, at whose power the world trembled, whose ambition knew no bounds, at last was obliged to yield to the great destroyer. Yet even in death, thousands, no doubt, will welcome his mortal remains back to their shores, not with smiles but with tears. The event will bring back many recollections to the soldiers who followed his victorious arms, will kindle anew their military ardor, and whether it will cause outbreaks among the loyal, or disloyal, subjects of Louis Philippe, time only can determine, but that there will be disturbances in consequence of the arrival of the ashes of him whom many, very many, adored and almost idolized, is an event by no means impossible or improbable —*Transcript.*

Scene in a Grand Jury Room.—Question by a Grand Juror; Mr —— are you in the habit of visiting doggeries? Ans: No sir, not since I joined the temperance society. Ques: Have you seen any gambling going on? Ans: Not since I saw you betting at the race-course. Ques: by the Foreman: Gentlemen, have you any thing more to ask the witness?—*Exit witness amid general merriment.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by the Rev. Mr Young, Mr Cornelius Hersey to Miss Nancy Sturgis, of Vassalboro, Me.

In this city, by the Rev. Mr Gannett, Lieutenant James H. Carleton, U. S. A., to Miss Henrietta Tracy, daughter of Mr Henry Loring, of this city.

On Sunday, last at the Bulfinch street Church, by Rev. Mr Gray, Mr Albert A Jerauld to Miss Susan Seward.

In Worcester, Oct. 1st. by Rev. Mr Hall, Rev. Edwards B. Hall of Providence, R. I. to Miss Louisa J. Park, daughter of D. John Park, of Worcester.

In Medford, by Rev. Mr Stetson, Geo. F. Lane, of Boston, to Adeline Caldwell, of M.

In New York, on Tuesday, 13th inst. Mr Peter Thacher Homer, of Boston, to Miss Caroline Bunker, daughter of Mr William J. Bunker, of the former place.

In Vernon, Vt. by Dr. Washburn, Mr Jehial Todd, of Boston, to Miss Malissa Hildreth, of Hinsdale, N. H.

At Portsmouth, N. H. 6th inst., by Rev. A. P. Peabody Mr George H. May, of Savannah, to Miss Louisa Catherine, youngest daughter of James Runtlett, Esq., of P.

In Epsom, N. H. Rev. Wm. H. Hayward, formerly of Boston, to Miss Lydia Dickey, of E.

In New York, 4th inst. Mr Charles H. Post to Miss Sarah A. daughter of Col. E. G. House, of Boston.

In Springfield, Ill. 22d ult. Sidney Abell, Esq. of Chicago, to Miss Martha J. daughter of Wm. Lowry, Esq. of Springfield.

DEATHS.

In this city, William Chauncy, only son of Mr Benjamin Hall, 7.

In Worcester, 7th inst., Hon. Nathaniel Paine, formerly Judge of Probate, 82; 11th inst. Mr Henry Wheeler, 45.

In Somerset county, Md. 2d inst., of congestive fever, Jesse Remington, 43, a native of Massachusetts, and for ten years a resident of Baltimore.

In Charleston, S. C. Henry Manly Neyle, Esq. a graduate at Harvard University in the class of the year 1821.

In Barry, Pike co. Ill. 20th ult. Col. Charles Peabody, late of Boxford, Ms. 51.

In Natick, on Wednesday evening last, of typhus fever, Moses P. Cleaveland, M. D., eldest son of Professor Cleaveland, of Bowdoin College, 33.

In Weymouth, 9th inst. suddenly, of the typhus fever, Rachel Ann, daughter of Dea. Abial White, 23.

In New York, 9th inst., Mrs Augusta Temple, wife of Rufus Prime, Esq., and daughter of the late Wm. L. Palmer, of Boston.

In Fort Gibson, Arkansas, August 31, of consumption, Mrs Elizabeth Larned, wife of Lt. C. H. Larned, 4th regiment U. S. I.

VALUABLE ENGLISH BOOKS.—Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, and of the Civil Wars in England; a new edition, illustrated with 56 portraits, 2 vols 8vo. Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures and Mines; containing a clear exposition of their principles and practice; illustrated with 1240 engravings. Recollections of the East, or a Pilgrim's Visit to the Holy Land; from the French of Lamartine, member of the French Academy; with a portrait and plates. Tooke's Diversions of Purley, with numerous additions; a new edition, revised and corrected, with notes by Richard Taylor. A Glossary of terms used in Grecian, Roman and Gothic architecture; the 3d edition, enlarged, exemplified by 700 wood cuts. Watson's History of the English Poetry, from the close of the eleventh to the commencement of the eighteenth century; to which are prefixed three dissertations. Just received for sale at TICKNOR'S.
oct. 17.

MRS. FOLLEN'S POEMS.—Poems by Mrs Follen, author of 'Married Life,' 'Well Spent Hour,' &c. Published and for sale by WM. CROSBY & CO., 118 Washington street. o 10

NEW BOOKS.—The History of Spain and Portuga —new edition, 5 vols
The History of the Italian Republics, by J. C. L. de Simondi
The History of Switzerland, from B. C. 110 to A. D. 1830, 1 vol
Armstrong's Treatise on Agriculture, comprising a concise History of its origin and Progress, the present condition of the art at home and abroad &c, with Notes by J. Buel, 18mo
Chaptal's Agricultural Chymistry, with a preliminary chapter on the Organization, Structure &c, of Plants, by Sir Humphrey Davy, and an Essay on the use of Lime as a Manure, by M. Puvis, &c. 1 vol 18mo
Parry's Three Voyages for the Discovery of a North West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, 2 vols Family Library
Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. o17

MORTON'S NEW ENGLAND'S MEMORIAL.—New England's Memorial, by Nathaniel Morton, Secretary to the Court for the Jurisdiction of New Plymouth. Fifth edition, with large Additions, Notes &c, by John Davis, 8vo.
A few copies just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. o17

JESSE'S COURT OF ENGLAND, Part 2—Continuation of Memoirs of the Court of England during the reign of the Stuarts, including the Protectorate; by John H. Jesse. 2 vols
The Young Prima Donna, a Romance of the Opera; by Mrs Gray—2 vols
Just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington st. o 17

MEMOIR OF NATHANIEL BOWDITCH.—This day published, Memoir of Nathaniel Bowditch, by his son, Nathaniel Ingersoll Bowditch; second edition, containing in a supplement a Letter to Rev. John G. Palfrey, D. D.
C. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN,
o 17 118 Washington street.

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS, lately imported and for sale by CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 112, Washington street—Ranke's History of the Popes, translated by Sarah Austin, 3 vols; The History of Christianity, by the Rev. H. H. Milman, 3 vols; Warton's History of English Poetry, new edition, 3 vols; The Works of Thomas Middleton, by Rev. Alexander Dyce, 5 vols; Petheram's Anglo-Saxon Literature of England, 8vo; Bede's Ecclesiastical Church History, 8vo; The Works of Charles Lamb, 8vo, Moxon's ed; D'Israeli's Miscellanies of Literature, 8vo., do do; Massinger's Plays, with notes, critical and explanatory, by W. Gifford; Sydney Smith's Works, new edition, 3 vols; Howitt's Visit to Remarkable Places, 8vo; Bowdler's Family Shakspeare, new edition, 8vo; Monstrelet's Chronicles, translated by Thomas Johnes, Esq., 2 vols; Froissart's do, do do, 2 vols; Blain's Encyclopædia of Rural Sports, 8vo; Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, 8vo; Fuss's Roman Antiquities, 8vo; Library of the Fathers translated by Members of the English Church, 5 vols; Drake's Noontide Leisure, 2 vols; The Faust of Goethe, translated into English Rhyme, by Robert Talbot; Goethe's Correspondence with a Child, 3 vols; Poetry for the People, by R. Monckton Milnes; Conversations of James Northcote, by William Hazlitt.
oct 17

THE Subscribers to the Western Messenger, are informed that Miss Peabody at No. 13 West Street, is authorized to receive payments &c., for that paper.
oct 17

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NEW BOOKS.—Continuation of Memoirs of the Court of England, during the reign of the Stuarts
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NEW BOOKS.—The Flag Ship, or a Voyage round the World, in the U. S. Frigate Columbia. By F. W. Taylor, Chaplain.
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The Young Prima Donna, a tale of the Opera; by Mrs Grey
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RUSSIA DIAPERS AND COTTON FLANNELS. —Just received at No. 28 Washington street, a prime lot of best quality Russia Diapers—also another lot of those very stout Cotton Flannels. oct 10

MOUNT SINA; Or the Ten Commandments—An Oratorio in two Parts. The words taken from the Holy Scriptures;

POETRY.

(From the Monthly Miscellany.)

The following lines were addressed by the writer to a clerical friend, on the death of his only son. As it may be supposed, from the initials, that they are taken from a volume of poems just published, we deem it proper to say that they have never before been printed.—Ed.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he *is* not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on his chamber stair;
I 'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street:—
A satchell'd lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he 's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know, his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes;—cold is his forehead fair.
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot *make* him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy,
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When, at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I 'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be *saying*,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the r*iment* that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked;—*he* is not there!

He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written 'Thou shalt meet me *there!*'

Yes! we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'T will be our heaven to find that—he is *there!*

J. P.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Let every man of a hasty and ungovernable temper read the following story, and if it does not give him strength to check and subdue it, nothing can.

THE SON AND HEIR.

A STORY FOR THE IRASCIBLE.

My youth was passed in the thoughtless and extravagant gaiety of the French court. My temper was always violent; and I returned home one morning, long after midnight, frantic with rage at some imaginary insult which I had received. My servant endeavored to speak to me as I entered the house, but I repulsed him violently, and rushed up to my room. I locked the door, and sat down instantly to write a challenge. My hand trembled so much that it would not hold the pen; I started up and paced the room; the pen was again in my hand, when I heard a low voice speaking earnestly at the door entreating to be admitted. The voice was that of my father's old and favorite servant. I opened the door to him. The old man looked upon me with a very sorrowful countenance, and I hastily demanded the reason of his appearance. He stared at me with surprise, and spoke not; he walked to the table where I had sat down, and took from it a letter which in my rage I had not noticed. It announced to me the dangerous illness of my father; it was written by my mother, and entreatingly besought me instantly to return to them.—Before dawn I was far from Paris. My father's residence was in the north of England. I arrived here only in time to follow the corpse of my beloved father to the grave. Immediately on my return from the funeral, my mother sent to me, requesting my attendance in her own apartment. Traces of a deep-seated grief were fresh upon her fine countenance, but she received me with calm seriousness. Love for her living child had struggled with her sorrow for the dead; and she had chosen that hour to rouse me from the follies, from the sins of my past life. My mother was always a superior creature. I felt, as I listened to her, the real dignity of a Cnristian matron's character. She won me by the truth, the affection, the gentleness of her words. She spoke plainly of my degrading conduct, but she did not upbraid me. She set before me the new duties which I was called upon to perform. She said, 'I know you will not trifle with those duties. You are not your own, my son; you must not live to yourself; you profess the name of Christian, you can hold no higher profession. God hath said to each of us, 'My son, give me thine heart.' Have you given your heart and its desires to God? Can you be that pitiful creature—a half Christian? I have spoken thus, because I know that if you have clear ideas of your first duties, and do strive to perform them, then will your relative duties be no longer lightly regarded. Oh, my son, God knows what I feel in speaking to you thus in my heaviest hour of affliction, and I can only speak as a feeble and perplexed woman. I know not how to counsel you, but I do beseech you to think for yourself, and to pray earnestly to God for his wisdom and guidance.' Before I left my mother's presence, she spoke to me also on my master passion, anger, mad ungovernable rage. She told me that even in the early years of my childhood, she had trembled at my anger—she confessed that she dreaded to hear while I was absent, that it had plunged me into some horrid crime. She knew not how just her fears had been; for had not my father's death recalled me to England, I should probably have been the murderer of that thoughtless stripling who had unknowingly provoked me, and whom I was about to challenge to fight on the morning I left Versailles.

My mother did not speak to me in vain. I determined to turn at once from my former ways, to regulate my conduct by the high and holy principles of the religion I professed, and to reside on my own estate in habits of manly and domestic simplicity.

About three years after I had succeeded to the titles and possessions of my forefathers, I became the husband of the lady Jane N—e, and I thought myself truly happy. Two years passed away, and every day endeared my sweet wife to my heart, but I was not quite happy. We had no child; I had but one wish; one blessing seemed alone denied—the birth of a son—an heir to the name, the rank, the estates of my family. When I knelt before God, I forgot to pray that he would teach me what to pray for; I did not entreat that his wisdom would direct me how to use what his goodness gave. No, I prayed as for my life, I prayed without ceasing, but I chose the blessing. I prayed for a son—my prayers were at last granted, a son was born to us—a beautiful healthy boy. I thought myself perfectly happy. My delight was more than ever to live in the pleasant retirement of my own home, so that year after year passed away, and only settled me down more entirely in the habits of domestic life. My boy grew up to be a tall and healthy lad; his intellect was far beyond his years; and I loved to make him my companion, as much from the charming freshness of his thoughts, as from the warmth of my attachment towards the child. I learned to wonder at the satisfaction I had once felt in mere worldly society, as I studied the character of my son. He was not without the faults which all children possess, which are rooted deep in human nature; but in all his faults, in his deceit—and what child is not taught deceit by his own heart? there was a charming awkwardness, an absence of all worldly trick, which appeared then very new to me.—I used all my efforts to prevent vice from becoming habitual to him; I strove to teach him the government of himself, by referring not only every action, but every thought, to one high and holy principle of thinking and acting to God; and I strove to build up consistent habits on the foundation of holy principle. I was so anxious about my son that I did not dare to treat his faults with a foolish indulgence. I taught him to know that I could punish, and that I would be obeyed; yet he lived with me, I think, in all confidence of speech and action, and seemed never so happy as when he sat at my feet, and asked me, in the eagerness of his happy fancies, more questions than I could, in truth, answer. I cannot go on speaking thus of those joyous times which are gone forever—I will turn to a darker subject—to myself.—While I gave up my time, my thoughts, my soul's best energies to my child, I neglected myself, the improvement of my own heart and its dispositions. This may seem strange and improbable to some. It may be imagined that the habits of strict virtue which I taught to my son would, in the teaching, have been learnt by myself; and that, in the search after sound wisdom for him, I must have turned up as it were many treasures needed by myself. It would be so in most instances perchance; it was not so in mine. The glory of God had not been my first wish when I prayed for a son. I had imposed upon myself in thinking that I acted in the education of my child upon that sacred principle. It was honor among men I looked for. I had sought to make my son everything that was excellent, but I had not sought to make myself fit for the work I undertook. My own natural faults had been suffered by me to grow almost unchecked, while I had been watchful over the heart of my child. Above all, the natural infirmity of my character—anger, violent outrageous anger, was at times the master, the tyrant of my soul. Too frequently had I corrected my child for the fault which he inherited from me; but how had I done so? when passionately angry myself, I had punished my boy for want of temper. Could it be expected that Maurice would profit by my instructions, when my example too often belied my words? But I will pass on at once to my guilt.

The Countess, my mother, had given to Maurice a beautiful Arabian horse. I loved to encourage the boy in all manly exercises. While a mere child he rode with a grace which I have seldom seen surpassed by the best horsemen. How nobly would he bear himself, as side by side on our fleet horses, we flew over the open country! Often, often, do I behold in memory his clear sparkling eyes glancing with intelligence: his fair brow contracted with that slight and peculiar frown, which gives assurance that the mind shares in the smile of the lips. Often do I see before me the pure glow flooding over his cheek, the waves of bright hair floating away from his shoulders, as he galloped full in the face of the fine free wind.

My boy loved his Araby courser; as all noble-spirited boys love a favorite horse. He loved to dress, and to feed, and to caress the beautiful creature; and Selim knew his small gentle hand, and would arch his sleek and shining neck when the boy drew nigh, and turn his dark lustrous eye with a look like that of pleased recognition on him, when his master spoke.

My child was about eleven years old at the time I must now speak of. He usually passed many hours of the morning in the library with me. It was on the 17th of June, a lovely spring morning, Maurice had been very restless and inattentive to his books. The sunbeams dazzled his eyes, and the fresh wind fluttered among the pages before him. The boy removed his books, and sat down at a table far from the open window. I turned round an hour after from a volume which had abstracted all my thoughts. The weather was very hot, and the child had fallen fast asleep. He started up at once when I spoke. I asked him if he could say his lesson? He replied, 'Yes,' and brought the book instantly; but he scarcely knew a word, and he seemed careless, and even indifferent. I blamed him, and he replied petulantly. I had given back the book to him, when a servant entered, and told me that a person was waiting my presence below. I desired the boy, somewhat with an angry tone, not to stir from the room till I returned, and then to let me hear him say his lesson perfectly. He promised to obey me. There is a small closet opening from the library; the window of this closet overlooks the stable. Probably the dear child obeyed me in learning perfectly his lesson; but I was detained long; and he went to the closet in which I had allowed him to keep the books belonging to himself. A bow and arrows which I had lately given him were there; perhaps the boy could not resist looking on them; they were lying on the floor when I entered afterwards. From that closet Maurice heard the sound of a whip—he heard quick and brutal strokes falling heavily. Springing up, he ran to the window; beneath he saw one of the grooms beating, with savage cruelty, his beautiful and favorite little courser. The animal seemed almost maddened with the blows, and the child called out loudly to bid the man desist. At first the groom scarcely heeded him, and then smiled coldly at the indignant boy, told him that the beating was necessary, and that so young a gentleman could not understand how a horse should be managed. In vain did my child command the brutal fellow to stop. The man pretended not to hear him, and led the spirited creature farther away from beneath the window. Instantly the boy rushed from the room, and in a few moments was in the yard below. I entered the library shortly after my son had left it. The person who had detained me brought news which had much disconcerted, nay displeased me. I was in a very ill-humor when I returned to the room where I had left Maurice; I looked vainly for him and was very angry to perceive that my request had been disobeyed; the closet door was open; I sought him there. While I wondered at his absence, I heard his voice loud in anger. For some moments I gazed from the window in silence. Beneath stood the boy, holding with one hand the reins of his courser, who trembled all over, his fine coat and slender legs reeking and streaming with sweat; in his other hand there was a horse-whip, with which the enraged boy was lashing the brutal groom. In a voice of loud anger, I called out. The child looked up; and the man who had before stood with his arms folded, and a smile of calm insolence on his face, now spoke with pretended mildness, more provoking to the child, but which then convinced me that Maurice was in fault. He spoke, but I silenced him, and commanded to come up to me instantly. He came instantly, and stood before me yet panting with emotion, his face all flushed, and his eyes sparkling with passion. Again he would have spoken, but I would not hear. 'Tell me, sir,' I cried; 'Answer me one question are you right or wrong?' 'Right,' the boy replied proudly. He argued with me—my fury burst out.—Alas, I knew not what I did! but I snatched the whip from his hand—I raised the heavy handle,—I meant not to strike *where* I did. The blow fell with horrid force on his fair head. There was iron on the handle, and my child, my only son dropt lifeless at my feet. Ere he fell, I was deadly cold, and the murderous weapon had dropt away from my hand. Stiffened with horror, I stood over him speechless, and rooted awhile to the spot. At last the yells of my despair brought others to me—the wretched groom was the first who came.—I saw no more, but fell in a fit beside my lifeless child.

When I woke up to a sense of what passed around me, I saw the sweet countenance of my wife bent over me with an expression of most anxious tenderness. She was wiping away the tears from her eyes, and a faint smile broke into her face as she perceived my returning sense.

I caught hold of her arm with a strong grasp, and lifted up my head: but my eyes looked for the body of my child—it was not there. 'Where is it?' I cried; 'Where is the body of my murdered boy?' When I spoke the word 'murdered,' my wife shrieked—I was rushing out—she stopped me, and said; 'He is not dead, he is alive.' My heart melted within me, and tears rained from my eyes. My wife led me to the chamber where they had laid my child. He was alive, if such a state could be called life. Still his eyelids were closed; still his cheeks, even his lips, were of a ghastly whiteness; still his limbs were cold and motionless. They had undressed him, and my mother sate in silent grief beside his bed. When I came near, she uncovered his fair chest, and placed my hand over his heart; I felt a thick and languid beating there, but the pulse of his wrists and temples was scarcely perceptible. My mother spoke to me. 'We have examined the poor child,' she said, but we find no wound, no bruise, no marks of violence. Whence is this dreadful stupor? No one can answer me.' 'I can answer you,' I said; 'no one can answer but myself. I am the murderer of the child. In my hellish rage I struck his blessed head.'—I did not see the face of my wife, or my mother—as I spoke I hung my head; but I felt my wife's hand drop from me; I heard my mother's low heart-breaking groan. I looked up, and saw my wife. She stood before me like a marble figure, rather than a creature of life; yet her eyes were fixed on me, and her soul seemed to look out in their gaze.—'Oh my husband,' she cried out at length, 'I see plainly in your face what you suffer. Blessed God, have mercy, have mercy on him! he suffers more than we all. His punishment is greater than he can bear!' She flung her arms round my neck: she strove to press me nearer to her bosom; but I would have withdrawn myself from her embrace. 'Oh, do not shame me thus,' I cried; 'remember, you *must* remember that you are a mother.' 'I cannot forget that I am a wife, my husband,' she replied, weeping. 'No, no, I feel for you, and I must feel with you, in this overwhelming affliction.' My mother had fallen on her knees when I declared my guilt; my wife drew me towards her, and rising up, she looked me in the face. 'Henry,' she said, in a faint, deep voice, 'I have been praying for you, for us all. My son, look not thus from me.' As she was speaking the surgeon of my household, who had been absent when they first sent for him, entered the chamber. My kind mother turned from me, and went at once with him to the bed-side of the child. I perceived her intention to prevent my encountering the surgeon. She would have concealed, at least for a while, her son's disgrace; but I felt my horrid guilt too deeply to care about shame. Yet I could not choose but groan within me, to perceive the good man's stare, his revolting shudder, while I described minutely the particulars of my conduct towards my poor boy. I stood beside him as he examined the head of my child. I saw him cut away the rich curls, and he pointed out to me a slight swelling beneath them; but in vain did he strive to recover the lifeless form; his efforts were, as those of my wife and mother had been, totally without success. For five days I sat by the bed-side of my son, who remained, at first, still in that death-like stupor, but gradually a faint life like animation stole over him; so gradually indeed, that he opened not his eyes till the evening of the fourth day, and even then he knew us not, and noticed nothing. Oh, few can imagine what my feelings were! How my first faint hopes lived, and died, and lived again, as the beating of his heart became more full and strong; as he first moved the small hand, which I held in mine, and at last stretched out his limbs. After he had unclosed his eyes, he breathed with the soft and regular respiration of a healthy person, and then slept for many hours. It was about noon on the fifth day, that he woke from that sleep. The sun had shone so full into the room, that I partly closed the shutters to shade his face. Some rays of sunshine pierced through the crevices of the shutter, and played upon the coverlid of his bed. My child's face was turned towards me, and I watched eagerly for the first gleam of expression there. He looked up, and then around him, without moving his head. My heart grew sick within me, as I beheld the smile which played over his face. He perceived the dancing sunbeam, and put his fingers softly into the streak of light, and took them away, and smiled again. I spoke to him, and took his hand in my own; but he had lost all memory of me, and saw nothing in *my* face to make him *smile*. He looked down on my trembling hand, and played with my fingers; and when he saw the ring which I wore he played with that, while the same idiot smile came back to his vacant countenance.

—My mother now led me from the room. I no longer refused to go. I felt that it was fit that I should 'commune with my own heart, and in my chamber, and be still.'—They judged rightly in leaving me to perfect solitude. The calm of my misery was a change like happiness to me. A deadness of every faculty, of all thought and feeling, fell on me like repose.—When Jane came to me I had no thought to perceive her presence. She took my hands tenderly within hers, and sat down beside me on the floor. She lifted up my head from the boards, and supported it on her knees. I believe she spoke to me many times without my replying. At last I heard her, and rose up at her entreaties. 'You are ill, your hands are burning, my beloved,' she said. 'Go to bed, I beseech you. You need rest.' I did as she told me. She thought I slept that night, but the lids seemed tightened and drawn back from my burning eyeballs. All the next day I lay in the same hot and motionless state, I cannot call it repose.

For days I did not rise, I allowed myself to sink under the weight of my despair. I began to give up every idea of exertion.

My mother, one morning, came to my chamber. She sat down by my bedside, and spoke to me. I did not, could not, care to notice her who spoke to me. My mother rose, and walked round to the other side of the bed, towards which my face was turned. There she stood and spoke again solemnly. 'Henry,' she said, 'I command you to rise. Dare you to disobey your mother No more of this unmanly weakness. I must not speak in vain, I have needed to command before. My son, be yourself. Think of all the claims which this life has upon you; or rather think of the first claim of Heaven, and let that teach you to think of other duties, and to perform them! Search your own heart. Probe it deeply. Shrink not. Know your real situation in all its bearings. Changed as it is, face it like a man; and seek the strength of God to support you. I speak the plain truth to you. Your child is an idiot. You must answer to God for your crime. You will be execrated by mankind, for your hand struck the mind's life from him. These are harsh words, but you can bear them better than your own confused and agonizing thoughts. Rise up and meet your trial.—Tell me simply that you obey me. I will believe you, for you never yet have broken your word to me.' I replied immediately, rising up and saying, 'I do promise to obey you. Within this hour I will meet you, determined to know my duties, and to perform them by the help of God.' Oh! with what a look did my noble mother regard me, as I spoke. 'God strengthen you, and bless you,' she said; 'I cannot now trust myself to say more.' Her voice was feeble and trembling now, her lip quivered, and a bright flush spread over her thin pale cheek; she bent down over me and kissed my forehead, and then departed.

Within an hour from the time when my mother left me, I went forth from my chamber with a firm step, determined again to enter upon the performance of my long neglected duties. I had descended the last step of the grand staircase, when I heard a laugh in the hall beyond. I knew there was but one who could then laugh so wildly; and too well I knew the sound of the voice which broke out in tones of wild merriment ere the laugh ceased. For some moments my resolution forsook me. I caught hold of the ballustrade to support my trembling limbs, and repressed, with a violent effort, the groans which I felt bursting from my heart—I recovered myself, and walked into the hall. In the western oriel window, which is opposite the doors by which I entered, sat my revered mother: she lifted up her face from the large volume which lay on her knees, as my step sounded near; she smiled upon me, and looked down again without speaking. I passed on, but stopped again to gaze on those who now met my sight. In the centre of the hall stood my wife, leaning her cheek on her hand. She gazed upon her son with a smile, but the tears all the while trickled down her face. Maurice was at her feet, the floor around him strowed over with playthings, the toys of his infancy, which he had for years thrown aside but had discovered that very morning; and he turned from one to the other as if he saw them for the first time, and looked upon them all as treasures. An expression of rapturous silliness played over the boy's features, but, alas! though nothing but a fearful childishness was on his face, all the child-like bloom and roundness of that face were gone. The boy now looked indeed older by many years. The smiles on his thin lips seemed to struggle vainly with languor and heaviness, his eyelids were half closed, his cheeks and lips colorless, his whole form wasted away. My wife came to me and embraced me; but Maurice noticed me not for many minutes. He looked up at me then, and, rising from the ground, walked towards me. I dreaded that my mournful appearance would affright him, and I stood breathless with my fears. He surveyed me from head to foot, and came close to me, and looked up with pleased curiosity in my face, and then whistled as he walked back to his toys, whistled so loudly, that the shrill sound seemed to pierce through my brain.

Sunday, August the 30th.

I have just returned from divine service in the chapel attached to my house. While the chaplain was reading the psalms, Maurice walked softly down the aisle and entered my pew. He stood before me, with his eyes fixed on my face. Whenever I raised my eyes, I met that fixed but vacant gaze. My heart melted within me, and I felt tears rush into my eyes—his sweet but vacant look must often be present with me—it seemed to appeal to me, it seemed to ask for my prayers. Sinner as I am, I dared to think so. It must be to all an affecting sight to see an idiot in the house of God. It must be a rebuke to hardened hearts, to hearts too cold and careless to worship there, it must be a rebuke to know that one heart is not *unwilling*, but *unable* to pray. Bitterly I felt this as I looked upon my child. He stood before me—a rebuke to all the coldness and carelessness which had ever mingled with my prayers. His vacant features seemed to say, 'You have a mind whose powers are not confused, you have a heart to feel, to pray, to praise, and to bless God. The means of grace are daily given to you, the hopes of glory are daily visible to you.' Oh! God, my child stood before me as a more awful rebuke, as a rebuke sent from Thee. Did not his vacant look say, 'Look upon the wreck which your dreadful passions have made?' Think upon what *I was?* Think upon what *I am?* With a broken heart I listened to the words of life; for while I listened, my poor idiot child leaned upon me and seemed to listen too.—When I bowed my head at the name of Jesus, the poor boy bowed his. They all knelt down; but just then I was lost in the thoughtfulness of my despair; my son clasped my hand, and when I looked round, I perceived that we alone were standing in the midst of the congregation. He looked me earnestly in the face, and kneeling down, he tried to pull me to kneel beside him. He seemed to invite me to pray for him; I did fall on my knees to pray for him, and for myself; and I rose up, hoping that for my Savior's sake, my prayers were heard, and trusting that our heavenly Father feedeth my helpless child with spiritual food that we know not of.

EVERY INQUISITVE PERSON IS MALICIOUS.

Among those smaller offences against society, that hold an intermediate rank between folly and vice, I know of no one, more despicable in itself, or more vexatious to others, than that inquisitive turn of mind, which excites the restless curiosity of the friovolous and impertinent, to pry into the affairs of their neighbors. Since no man, as some one observes, is respectable in the eyes of his *valet de chambre*, so no man would wish to have the little arrangements of his domestic economy scrutinized by the eye, and misrepresented by the tongue of the officious and malignant, around the scandalous tea-tables of male and female gossips.

A man's house is his castle; and whatever passes within its walls should be considered as sacred as the mysteries of Eleusis. Though a good man will say or do nothing, at any time, for which he may have reason to blush, yet, in the unguarded confidence of social conversation, he may discuss the characters of men, and the tendency of measures, in a manner, that might incur the resentment of the parties concerned, should it reach their ears. Whoever, therefore, betrays conversation of this kind, may create a serious misunderstanding between worthier men than himself; and should he escape the chastisement of the spirited, yet will he be shunned, in future, as a dangerous companion, by the prudent.

But though this treachery to social confidence may be productive of serious consequences, yet, as it often proceeds rather from want of consideration, than from premeditated mischief, so is it commonly less vexatious, than the prying inquisitiveness of wanton curiosity. The one may occasionally lead you into a scrape, but the other obliges you to be perpetually on your guard. The former may cause you uneasiness for a day, but the latter may harrass you during the whole course of your life.

Curio is acquainted with the circumstances of almost every man in town; can tell precisely how many pounds of coffee Mr Tradewell expects from abroad, and the exact amount of Mr Hoardwell's property, in farms, wharves, houses, and bank-stock, at home. From this kind of knowledge, he has been enabled to predict with accuracy the moment of a failure; and hence, at one time, acquired a distinguished character for sagacity and penetration. This, with a face of wisdom, which concealed the meanness of his intellectual powers, gave him, at one time, considerable importance in the eyes of politicians. But, by his tergiversation, he soon lost credit with both parties, as he had deserved the confidence of neither. Admiration gradually degenerated into contempt; and he now lives, neglected and despised, a bankrupt in property and in fame, with the reputation of a meddler in the affairs of others, whilst he neglected his own, of a Jew without riches, and of a politician without principles.

Miss Prywell is a maiden lady, unhappily tormented with an insatiable thirst, to know every event that takes place, in the parlor and kitchen of her neighbors. As the habitable part of her house unluckily does not face the street, she is obliged to have recourse to a small closet, with a single window, where she gratifies her favorite passions, by watching the important occurrences of the day. There she sits, in all the delightful agony of expectation, to observe, who goes in or out of the houses within her view; and sometimes, by the aid of a pocket telescope, is fortunate enough to identify an individual, amidst the company of a neighbor's parlor. Should any domestic duty call her off from this laudable occupation, Betty is immediately summoned to relieve guard, with strict injunctions to have all her eyes about her, and to suffer no individual, male or female, to pass unobserved. Should a coach stop within eye-shot of Miss Prywell, the willing Betty, who has caught the inquisitive infection from her mistress, is instantly dispatched for intelligence. . . . 'Here, Betty, Betty, run over to Mr B.'s, and see who is in that coach. And, Betty, ask the girls in the kitchen, what gentleman, in a blue surtout, dined there yesterday. And, Betty, be sure, and observe, what they have for dinner to-day.' Away runs Betty, and, after due time, returns almost breathless, with the important intelligence, which she pours circumstantially into the 'greedy ear' of her delighted mistress.

Miss Prywell is as well, and sometimes better, acquainted with the circumstances of her neighbors, than they are themselves. She knows the exact cost of the furniture in each parlor, and can enumerate, with precision, every article in the kitchen. Even the contents of your servant's market-basket cannot escape the vigilance of this argus-eyed lady, and she can generally ascertain the arrangement for the dinner of the day, as accurately as those who provide it.

Miss Prywell delights in reporting the important facts, of which, at the expense of so much time and trouble, she has made herself mistress. But as the motto of my paper observes that, 'every inquisitive person is malicious,' she always adorns her narrative with some poetical embellishment, not strictly conformable with the truth of authentic history. Miss Prywell is very lively and very silly, and affords a striking proof, how much knowledge may be acquired, even by persons of the meanest capacity, if they will but apply the whole force of their faculties to its acquisition.

There are others, who sometimes mix with the first circles, who run to one house to collect intelligence, and to another to report it; who, with despicable talents, sometimes create considerable mischief, since their very silliness screens them from suspicion. Some one compares these communicative people to leaden pipes, which serve to convey fresh streams of intelligence from house to house. This basest of metals answers for this servile office, whilst we reserve gold and silver for more valuable employments.

In a word, there cannot be a more despicable turn of mind, than this frivolous curiosity about trifles, and restless anxiety to know what does not concern you, and which, after all, cannot be worth knowing. Relinquish the occupation then, to those, whom it best becomes; tattling gossips, envious old bachelors, and disappointed old maids.—*Anthology.*

PENKNIVES AND SCISSORS.—Just received a fresh supply of Rogers' Penknives and Scissors, at SIMPKINS' Stationary Rooms, 21 Tremont Row.
oct 10

TEACHER'S TALES.—Harry Winter the Weaver of Burrough place.
Rebecca Wilson—The Cumberland girl.
Instruction from Trees and Flowers, &c.
The Clares—By the author of 'General reading' &c.
The above are interesting little books suitable for Teachers' presents.
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PRESCOT'S FERDINARD and ISABELLA, *seventh edition*, this day published, with five steel engravings and maps. The public is too well acquainted with the opinion of the most eminent journals in relation to this work in our own country, Great Britain and the Continent, to require any farther extracts from them now. It is proof enough of its estimation abroad that at the same time with this edition here another new one is also announced as in press in London. We have only to add that we have taken care that in the printing, paper, and all that depends on us, the present edition should fully sustain the character of the preceding. C. C. LITTLE & JAS. BROWN, 112, Washington street. oct. 10.

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF RELIGION AND LETTERS; Edited by Rev. Ezra S. Gannett; is published on the first of every month in numbers of sixty large octavo pages handsomely printed, at three dollars per annum.
Each number contains a Sermon and other interesting contributions from popular Unitarian writers, together with the most complete record of Foreign and Domestic Religious Intelligence.
Every exertion is made to render this work worthy of the support of the public.
Specimens will be furnished for examination, by applying to WM. CROSBY & CO. Publishers, 118 Washington street. oct 10

PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES IN ENGLISH GRAMMAR—Part 3, by Richard Green Parker, A. M., and Charles Fox. Just received and for sale at
o 10 TICKNOR'S.

JENKS & PALMER, Publishers and Booksellers, 131 Washington street, Boston. Furnish Country Traders, Towns, School Committees and teachers on fair terms. J H JENKS.
june 6 G. W. PALMER.

R. E. DIXON, successor to GEO. H. GAY, Dentist. Removed to No. 9 Winter Street. july 13

GREENWOOD'S HYMNS.
JENKS & PALMER have just published the thirtieth edition of 'A Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Christian Worship,' by Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood.
This collection of Psalms and Hymns is universally approved, by all persons who have examined it; and has given great satisfaction where it has been used.
The following are some of the societies and towns in which the book is in use, viz.—King's Chapel, (Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood;) Hollis street Society (Rev. J. Pierpont;) Second Society (Rev. C. Robbins;) New South Society (Rev. A. Young;) Federal street Society (Rev. Dr Channing;) Boston. Church of the Messiah New York (Rev. Dr Dewey;) Cambridge, East Cambridge, West Cambridge, Cambridge Port, Roxbury, Milton, Dorchester, Chelsea, Marshfield, Watertown, Brookfield, Brighton, Weston, Lowell, Lexington, Newburyport, Sandwich, Sherburne, Uxbridge, Medfield, Lancaster, Chelmsford, Hingham, Ashby, Andover, Dover, Northboro', Bedford, Ipswich, Greenfield, Beverly, Dedham, Medford, Billerica, Waltham, Lynn, Brookline, Mass. — Portsmouth, Walpole, N. H. — Portland, Hallowell, Augusta, Bangor, Castine, Me.—Hartford, Conn. —Providence, Newport, R. I.—Brattleboro' Vt.—Richmond, Va.—Savannah, Geo.—Mobile, Ala.—Alton, Ill. —St. Louis, Mo.—Louisville, Ky.—and many other places in New England and the Southern and Western States.
The book was enlarged upon publication of the sixteenth edition by the addition of about sixty Hymns. No farther alterations or additions are contemplated. Societies and Clergymen are respectfully requested to examine this collection, and those wishing copies for that purpose will be supplied gratis, by applying to the Publishers, Boston, 131 Washington street (up stairs.) j 6

SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES.—Just received at the Sunday School Depository, 124 Washington street, a fresh supply of Sunday School Books. Those purchasing are invited to call, and those at a distance will have particular attention paid to their orders.
—Just published—
Hope on, Hope Ever! by Mary Howitt
Strive and Thrive, by do
Country Rambles
A Gift from my Teachers
Historic Tales, by Mrs Lee
Industry, by a Lady
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Also, a good collection of Books for Teachers.
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John C. Warren, George Hayward, Edw. Reynolds, Jno. Randall, J. Mason Warren, John Jeffries, John Homans, M. S. Perry, W. Channing, George C. Shattuck, Jacob Bigelow, Enoch Hale, W. Strong, George Parkman, D. Humphrey Storer, George W. Otis Jr., Winslow Lewis, Jr., J. H. Lane, Edw. Warren, George B. Doane, John Ware, George Bartlett, John Flint, J. V. C. Smith.
The above Institution has now been in operation over two years. During this time, a large number of Invalids have been admitted, who were suffering under almost every kind of physical deformity, particularly *curvatures of the Spine* and *Club-Feet*, of all variety and degree.
The plan of Treatment in this Infirmary is in conformity with the most enlightened principles, which, in practice, have been found so successful in the modern Orthopedic Institutions of Europe. With what success it has been attended here, may be known by inquiring of any of the regular surgeons or physicians of this city.
Boston, Feb. 22, 1840. 1y

BOSTON CLOTH STORE. No. 28 Washington Street.—All Persons purchasing Cloths, Cassimeres or other Woollens, are invited to call at this establishment, as every article will be sold at the lowest price.
sept 12 KIMBALL & PHELPS.

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THE Subscribers would inform their friends and the Public, that they have added to their Oil and Candle Establishment, 109 State Street, a Retail Department, for the purpose of supplying families with pure Spermaceti Oil, which they will warrant in all cases to burn freely, and without crusting the wick. And they will send it to all parts of the city free of expense.
ian 11 CLAPP & PERKINS.

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